December 17, 1932

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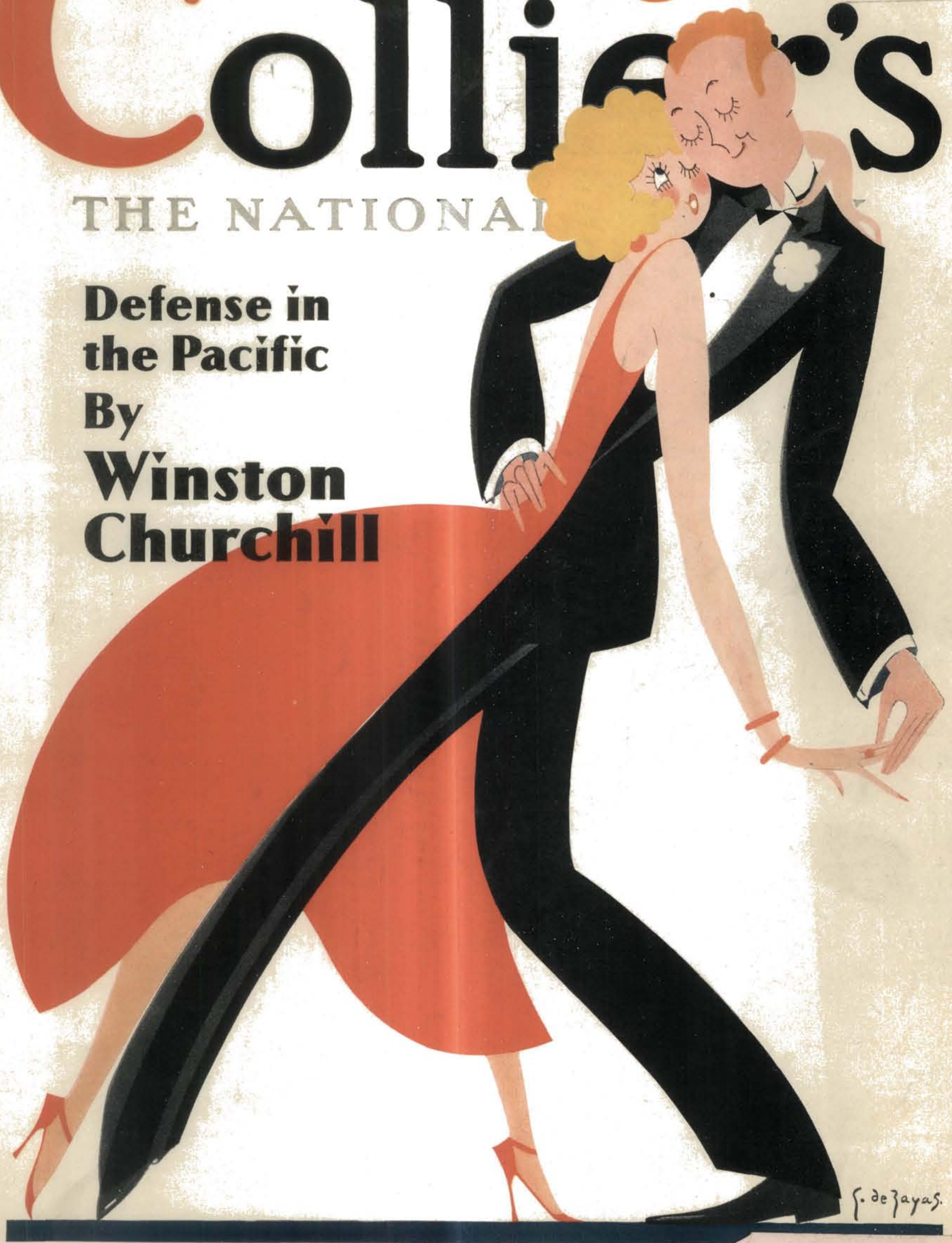
Collier's

THE NATIONAL

Defense in the Pacific
By Winston Churchill



Don't Marry Money a short story by Dwight

MRS E V WORSHAM
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DEC. 17, 1932

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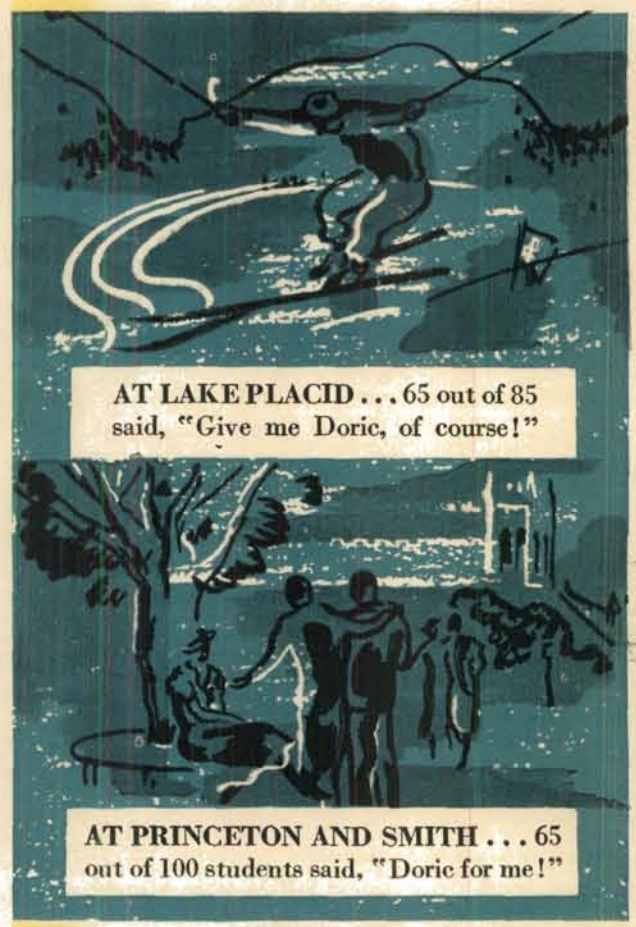

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Can they write with the pens you give—comfortably, pleasantly? Yes!—if each pen is Doric! Any Eversharp dealer will fit the pen to any individual style of writing in a couple of minutes—with Eversharp Interchangeable Points. That's just one of the exclusive features that make Doric the finest pen you can buy. It's not only more beautiful. It writes so much better!

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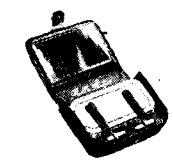

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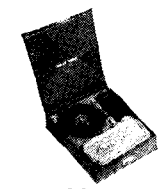

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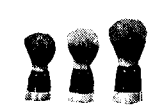

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

OUR first duty today is to run up the storm signal and post hurricane warnings. "Amateur Bride," by George Agnew Chamberlain, begins next week, and a week—take our word for it—is scant time to get organized for its impact.

Futile to attempt to keep yourself in place by gripping the arms of your chair. The force of this new serial will carry you with it, first in a tornado sweep through New York and then southward to the Dos Picos mines in Sonora.

Shaken, bruised and breathless, you will recover your feet in the bar there in time to witness an auction in which bodies, souls and fortunes are at stake.

We can think of nothing more exhilarating.

TO NEWSDEALERS — blenching already at the prospect of milling crowds of determined citizens trying to get into the path of the storm —we deliver another blow: next week will see the appearance of the All-America.

Since the middle of September, Grantland Rice and his corps of able assistants have been doing practically nothing but watch, think, dream and talk football. The wily agility of backs has been appraised, the speed and intelligence of ends, the power and endurance of linemen, and the generalship and judgment of quarterbacks.

The Advisory Board is back in a huddle; they're coming out of it; they're lining up. Here they are:

Pacific Coast: R. L. (Dink) Templeton, Braven Dyer; Southwest: George W. White; Missouri Valley: C. E. McBride; Mid-West Roving Assignment: Ed Cochrane; Middle West: H. G. Salsinger; South: O. B. Keeler.

SUPPOSE, for a moment, that you are a very young real estate salesman and that you have just sold a forty-five-thousand-dollar house to the mother of Judy Day, who is an unparalleled achievement in the way of girls. Suppose, moreover, that the night after the sale a garbage-disposal plant is put up directly behind that house. What would you do?

The correct procedure is indicated in Dwight Mitchell Wiley's love story, "A House for Her."

RICHARD CONNELL, David Gregg, Lucian Cary, Henry F. Pringle, Dana Burnet and Arthur Weigall generously expose their glittering talents. Arthur Somers Roche brings "The Great Abduction" to a triumphant and romantic close. John T. Flynn and Zane Grey bring you, respectively, the thrill of fact and fiction. We hope you're feeling strong.

This Week

●

December 17, 1932

DWIGHT MITCHELL WILEY
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BILL CUNNINGHAM
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The Razor Man. **He met a giant with a club.** **Page 10**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
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ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
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ZANE GREY
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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **You know what happens to those who don't.** **Page 30**

EDITORIAL
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●

Any Week

RECOVERING quickly from the indignation William G. Shepherd's article about the forlorn estate of the sewing girls in the Connecticut sweat shops filled him with, Mr. W. R. Gibbs of Warrior, Alabama, invites us to his state where, he vows, what happens to the coal miners is—well, we'd better stop right here before we get into some trouble.

PRIVATELY we're pretty glad, too, that our soul (we're thinking of having it dry-cleaned or something this winter) isn't as bitter as Mr. Logan McCall's. From Galesburg, Illinois, he notifies us that "the only reason he is going to visit Washington when this newly elected Congress convenes is to watch some of the new members pretending that they can read."

"NOW that you have put prohibition in its place," suggests Mr. James K. Luneburg of Buffalo, New York, "why not straighten out things for these patriots who are trying to abolish Red Radicalism? They don't know what's happened to this country in the past fifteen years. A little investigation will show that the old Goldman Anarchists, the Debs Socialists and the open-space Wobblies of the great northwest are just hand-wringing Conservatives today."

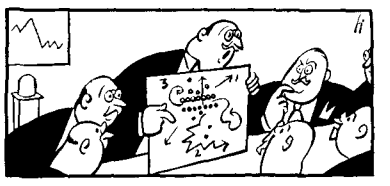
IN OUR naïve simplicity we thought we had commissioned Mr. Lawson Wood of Eastbourne, England, to draw that elephant and donkey cover for our issue of November 12th, because we wanted Mr. Wood to do it. But, no. Mr. Jack Bills of Kansas City, Missouri, has discovered that we have decided to "employ English artists and English writers so that Englishmen can pay their taxes and thus furnish the money for England to pay her war debts to us, restoring prosperity to our own country so that our own American artists and writers can find a ready market for their work."

IT IS something, these days, to know that you've been useful to somebody. We have and we're feeling pretty cocky about it. For example there is Mrs. Pearl H. Brower of San Rafael, California, who uses the illustrations from this column on her place cards when she's giving a dinner. "And," she says, "everyone finds his or her place at the table with no trouble whatever."

SPURRED on by recent communications in this column concerning the extremely moderate cost of eating in Meridian, Mississippi, and San Diego, California, Mr. L. H. Riddle of West Palm Beach, Florida, took it upon himself to discover that in Lake Worth, Florida, one can get a shave and a haircut for ten cents in a union shop. Now if something of the sort would strike our landlord—

SINCE our issue of April 8, 1905, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Berry of Sanford, Florida, have been looking through the literary world for Rowland Thomas, whose great short story, "Fagan," the winner of a contest we had been conducting in that far-away and long-ago, was published in Collier's for that week. And now the Berrys turn to us for information. What has become of Mr. Thomas? They, like us, have never forgotten "Fagan." But we've lost track of Mr. Thomas and that's nothing to our credit either. The last we knew of him was that he was in newspaper work in 1927. Like Mr. and Mrs. Berry, we would like to know more.

BARRY WOOD'S article—"Monday Morning Quarterbacks"—made Mr. Edwin H. Dahl of Jackson, Minnesota, pretty mad. He concedes that Mr. Wood of Harvard (now of Johns Hopkins) may have been a legitimate All-America back, but "is no judge of human nature or he'd know that we grandstand strategists get half our fun after the game is over by telling each other what we'd have done when old Alma Mater had the ball on the opponents' two-yard line, fourth down."



"CAN you tell me," asks Mrs. John Ermentraut of St. Louis, Missouri, "just why somebody who lives a thousand miles away has the right to say I may not have a glass of legal beer if I promise not to drink it in Idaho? I am very fond of beer and do not beat my children nor neglect my husband. I also go to church every Sunday and contribute to the community chest. But I certainly would like a glass of good dark beer too."

AND Mr. L. J. Layden of Terre Haute, Indiana, insists that it is very unwise to trust the Democratic party in anything. "I wouldn't be at all surprised," he writes, "if they double-crossed us all and gave us a darned good administration."

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The following cars have L•O•F Safety Glass as complete or partial equipment: Packard, Graham, Studebaker, Franklin, Reo, Willys, Willys-Knight, Ford, Cadillac, La Salle, Lincoln, Nash, Buick and Chevrolet. Be sure the car you buy has Safety Glass in all windows as well as in the windshield.

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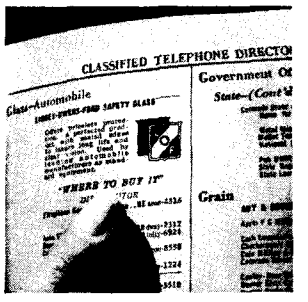

If you are not yet ready for a new car, and if the one you are now driving has ordinary glass, consult the "Where to Buy It" section of your telephone directory and call the local L•O•F distributor. He will refer you to the most conveniently located of the many automobile glass replacement dealers who install L•O•F Safety Glass.

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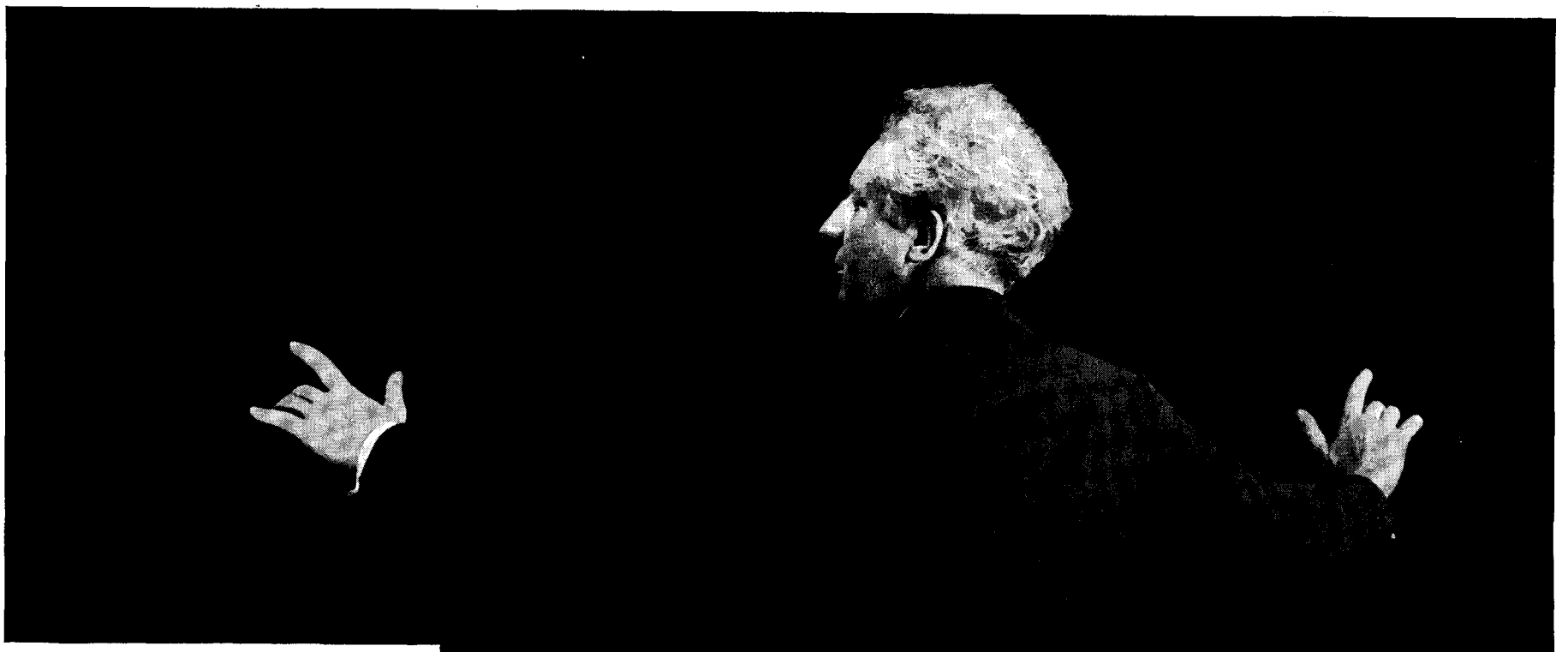

Silence... *utter silence...*

Then Stokowski's hands sweep upward!

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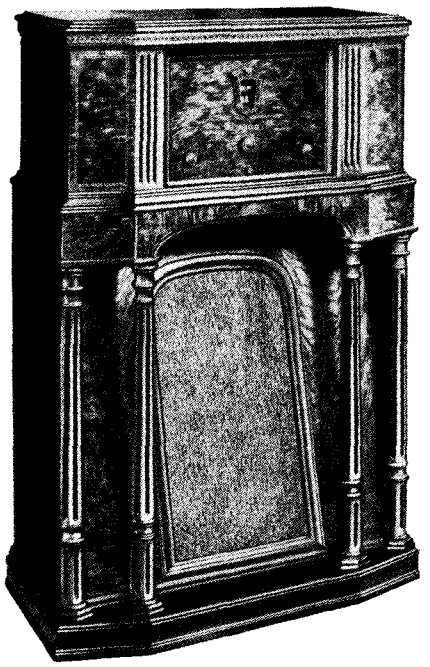

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Don't Marry Money

Should a man who really loves a girl consider the size of her bank account? Maybe you know the answer—but read this story

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

THE beach was wearing its corsage of colorful umbrellas just as usual but you realized somehow, today, that they were wilted and you saw that the cabañas, with their tired-looking awnings and their faded beach chairs, were like weary hostesses determined to be gay until the last guest left. The sun was still as bright, the sand as warm as ever, but it was the end of summer just the same. There weren't a dozen people on the beach today; the life guards had already gone wherever life guards go, and on the float one lone, persistent girl in green was practicing a jackknife from the high board.

"She'll get it right," Mal said. "Next year."

It was the end of summer and you couldn't do a thing about it and it made you pretty blue. There were a lot of things, it seemed, you couldn't do a thing about. You wouldn't have believed that last year. Last year you were twelve feet tall and figured you could wade through life and never even get your knees wet. Now you knew a whole lot different but you had the sense, at least, to add things up and look the total in the face and write "Conclusion" when a thing was over with.

Pauline, beside him, sat up in the sand and wound her arms around her knees.

"You look," she said, "like you were building up a mood or something."

"Thinking," Mal said. "Thinking it's been a swell summer, Poke."

"And that it's about over?" she asked.

"Something like that," Mal told her. "You were too, weren't you?"

"Yes," Pauline said. "I was thinking it had been a swell summer and that it was about gone and that I'd better tell you I'm not going to marry you, Mal."

It was like Pauline to say it like that and to look at him with level, candid eyes.

"That's being pretty modern about the situation, isn't it?" Mal asked.

"You mean telling you I'm not going to marry you before you've even asked me to? Perhaps. But I've seen it coming, Mal. You've meant to. Haven't you?"

Mal didn't answer and Pauline said, "If I'm wrong I guess I'll have to be all blushes."

"That would be becoming," Mal said.

Suddenly Pauline laughed. "Darn you, Mal," she said, "I might have known you'd summon up a Harvard attitude. But it won't do you any good. I still won't marry you."

"So then?" Mal said. It was pretty difficult to talk about this, grinning, but there must be a finality about it. That was only fair to everyone concerned.

"SO THEN," Pauline said, "you're supposed to look as if it mattered. You're supposed to grit your teeth or stride around or something."

"Can't I simply sit here?"

"Simply sit there?" Pauline asked. "And take 'no' for an answer?"

"Yes," Mal told her steadily. "And take 'no' for an answer."

They smoked in silence for a while and watched a speed-boat tearing up the Sound. It swirled around the buoy in a shimmer of high spray, heading for the basin.

"Fellow's traveling," Mal said.

"It's Denny King." And then she said, "Another play-boy."

Mal took a good deep breath and grinned.

"All right, Poke, tell you what we'll do," he said: "We'll do this thing all over. We'll pretend that I've proposed and you've said 'no.' Now tell me why, Poke. That's what you've been wanting, isn't it? Go on, Poke, give us that old fight talk you've been saving up."

"I'm going in," Pauline said, but she

Mal turned on his side to watch her as she walked away. The way she walked was special, he thought. Everything about her was like that

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didn't move. And then: "Why are we ending things like this, Mal? Is there something I don't know about? Don't understand? I—I thought you cared for me. A lot. We'd—said so."

This was standing up against a wall at dawn. You wanted to yell "Shoot! Get it over with!" Instead you said, "Look, Poke, what's the use of going on about this? You just said you wouldn't marry me and—"

"And you might have—made me change my mind, Mal."

IF MAL looked at her now, he knew he'd tell her. It would sound dramatic and they'd get all throaty and emotional about it and he'd nobly give her up—except it wouldn't end that way. It wouldn't end at all because they'd get involved in promises and plans that didn't have a chance and that would only keep them hanging on and miserable.

Mal said: "It's because this is the end of summer that you feel that way, Poke. You don't, really. You've made it clear all summer how you felt about things. You idolize your father and you're proud of him because he's self-made and a whiz at business, and you'd have to have somebody like him to be really happy over; some brisk, earnest, zippy lad who had a great big purpose."

"Not a play-boy, anyway," she said. "A party-boy."

"You see?" Mal asked.

"You think that's silly of me, Mal, and unsophisticated, don't you? You think it's pretty primitive and dumb to work if you don't have to, don't you?"

"A trifle early-American," Mal said. Pauline was getting mad now, and he hoped this wouldn't last much longer.

"I hate you when you say things like that, Mal," Pauline said. "It's cynical and wrong and worthless and your money's made you worthless. I'd rather marry anyone, someone who didn't have a nickel and was trying to make something of himself, than—"

"Sure," Mal said. "The poor but proud type. I know. Too poor to keep you and too proud to let you keep him. And so you'd wait for him while he went from rags to riches. Sure. He'd let you, too. He'd let you wait for thirty-seven years until he got to be assistant teller in a bank the week before it closed."

"At least he would be doing something," Pauline said. "At least he'd not be unemployed by preference."

Mal stretched out in the sand and reached a long arm lazily for cigarettes.

"The unemployed by preference; the good old lounging classes," Mal said. "Light this for me, will you, honey? I'm too comfortable to move."

MAL turned on his side to watch her as she walked away. The way she walked was special, he thought. Everything about her was like that: her voice, the way she looked at you, the way her eyes were when she laughed. She even seemed to move to some exclusive rhythm and the sun had chosen to confer on her a secret shade of tan. She looked tall, looking up at her like this, and fine; things should always be particular and special for her so she could always be proud.

There went Pauline. Already she was gone—as far, as finally as summer. You couldn't have her back now any more than you could have the last two months. Perhaps you'd never have just this again. Perhaps you felt like this just once. You couldn't tell about a thing like that and nobody could tell you. You had to go along and find out for yourself. Most anyone would tell you that, next summer, there would be another girl — another special girl. They'd say, "Snap out of it, old horse; it doesn't last." Well, maybe they were right. And—maybe—they were different. Well, whatever came he had it coming. Any fool knew that there had to be an end to summer and a time to add things up and write the answer down and look the total in the face. You couldn't change it, either.

Mal walked past the cabañas toward the locker-room. One lone crowd was having hubbub and they waved at him and called out "Cocktails," but he grinned and waved and went on. They were a New York crowd living at the club and proving that it wasn't what it used to be. It wasn't, really, a club at all, these days. They'd had to advertise a special summer membership to keep things going and they'd filled the clubhouse and the lodges with a gay, sophisticated, different sort of crowd. A nervous New York crowd. So there were dances every night, and every afternoon the orchestra played on the beach from four till six, and there were tournaments and cocktail parties; tennis matches, water sports and cocktail parties; and the week-ends were a nonstop clamor. Mal wondered, sometimes, what his father—who had been the president of Sandy Hill in different days—would think of it. And think of him.

Mal took a shower and went in the locker-room to dress. Denny King, who had the locker next to his, was dressing between interims of tending to a long Tom Collins which was obviously not the first.

"HELLO, Vincent," King said and yelled: "George! Another set-up! Make it snappy!"

"Just a minute, Mr. King," George answered.

"Right now!" King said, and then to Mal: "A lazy fellow."

"George is all right," Mal said. "They keep him pretty busy. If that set-up was meant for me I won't have one just now, thanks."

"Sure you will," King said. "George! When I holler I want service!"

"Other people want service too," Mal said. "Besides I said I didn't want one."

King put down his glass and looked at Mal.

"I don't like your tone," he said. "In fact, now I think of it, I don't like anything about you."

"That's a pity," Mal said.

"Your face, for instance," King said. "I don't like your face. I think you ought to have it rearranged, pushed in or something. I'd be glad to do it for you, too."

This had to come up now, of course, Mal thought. A dandy time for it. They had been on the verge of this all summer, ever since Pauline and her father moved out to the club. Today, of course, would be the very day it had to reach the boiling point—when he'd been hanging on and standing just about as much as he was able anyway.

"Well?" King asked. "So how about it?"

FOR just a second things began to whirl around and then Mal took a fresh hold and hung on. He felt pretty tired.

"I think we ought to let this ride," Mal said.

"I thought you'd think so," King said. "Brawling would be vulgar for a Vincent, wouldn't it?"

"Around the club it wouldn't be so good," Mal said.

"Oh, that's right," King said. "We're around the club. Oh, horrors! I forgot. And you're the chairman of the entertainment committee, aren't you? The boy who runs around and sees that all the ladies have a swell good time. And if your face got out of order what would all the girls do? Horrors!"

"Maybe that would be about all," Mal said.

"And maybe not," King said. "And

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Illustrated by Mario Cooper

A chair was overturned and someone yelled and someone crashed down the table

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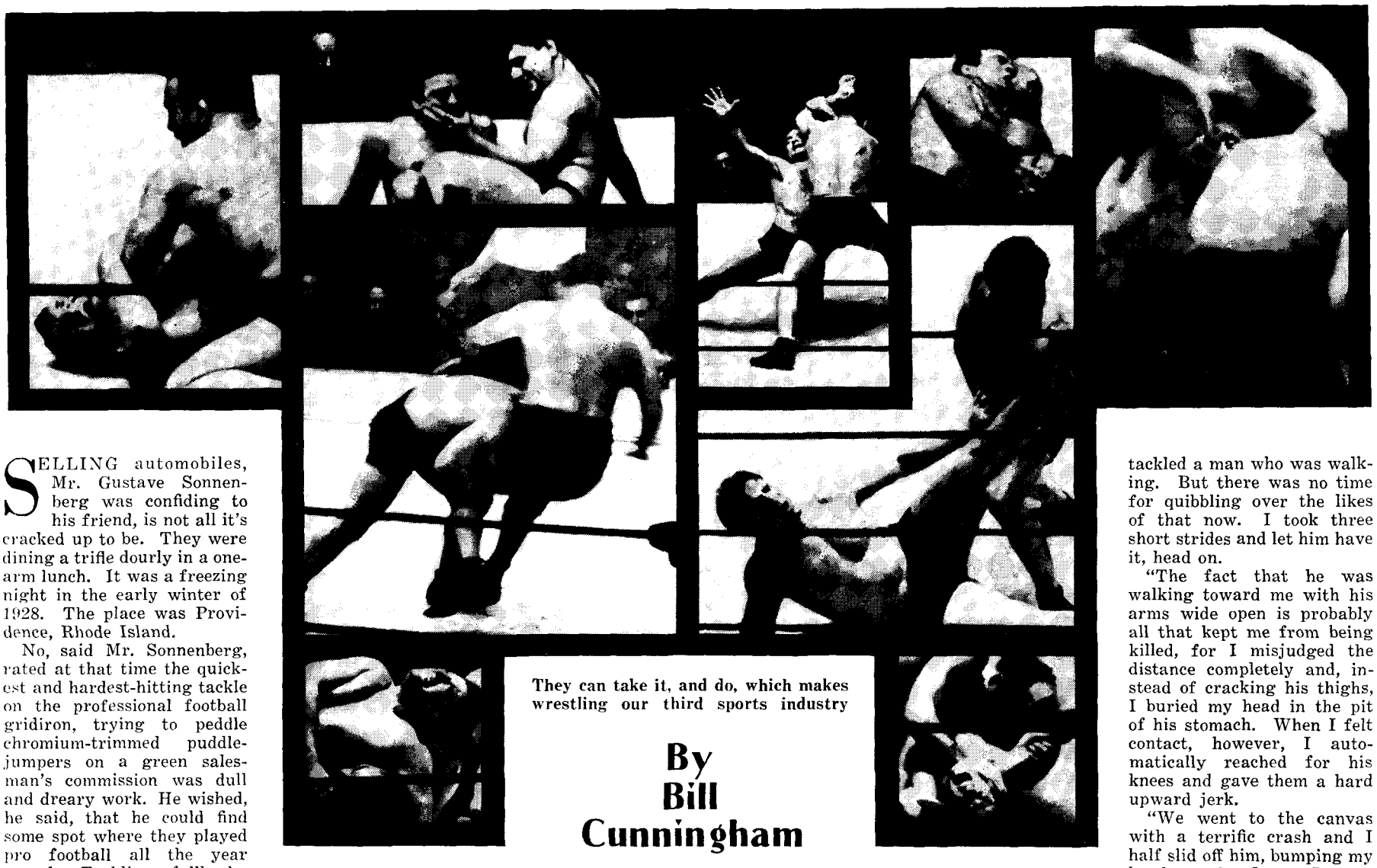

They can take it, and do, which makes wrestling our third sports industry

By Bill Cunningham

The Bigger They Are—

The business of wrestling was picked up from the mat and put on its feet by a young football player named Sonnenberg, who won his first match with a flying tackle. Today it is the third sports industry in the country, with five "world champions," comedians, grunts, groans and ballyhoo. It's just like a show. In fact, it is a show

SELLING automobiles, Mr. Gustave Sonnenberg was confiding to his friend, is not all it's cracked up to be. They were dining a trifle dourly in a one-arm lunch. It was a freezing night in the early winter of 1928. The place was Providence, Rhode Island.

No, said Mr. Sonnenberg, rated at that time the quickest and hardest-hitting tackle on the professional football gridiron, trying to peddle chromium-trimmed puddle-jumpers on a green salesman's commission was dull and dreary work. He wished, he said, that he could find some spot where they played pro football all the year round. Tackling fullbacks was easier than tackling prospects.

"You need a change of pace," said his companion; "let's go to the movies."

Turning their collars up against the bite of the blizzard, these two—the lad who worked in an office and the squat but powerfully built star of the Providence Steam Rollers—braved the blast for a couple of blocks, turned a corner and then stopped in disappointment. For the title that blazed from the theater's marquee was that of a picture that both of them had already seen.

There was, however, considerable congestion in the neighborhood, for out of a stairway next door trailed a long queue of customers endeavoring to attend a wrestling match in the hall above the theater.

"What d'ye say we go up?" proposed Sonnenberg's friend.

"I never saw one of 'em," said Gus. "I hear they're the bunk."

"They are like fun," said his friend, who, it developed, was an enthusiast. "They kid around a lot in there to give the crowd a run for its money, but when they start shooting, they shoot. Don't let anybody tell you otherwise."

On the quadrangular rostrum upstairs, in the gray-blue tobacco fog, two tremendous fur-bearing gentlemen with large knobs of muscle and facial expressions that modulated in all the sharps and flats between anger and anguish pulled and tugged, hugged and hauled, wallowed and walloped each other.

After fifteen minutes, Mr. Sonnenberg began to yawn. After a half hour he got up and put on his hat.

"What's the idea?" asked his friend.

"I've got enough of this," Mr. Sonnenberg said; "they're nothing but a couple of bums. I can lick 'em both myself and I don't know a half-nelson from a Maltese cat with the mange."

"Oh, yeah?" feelingly remarked his companion. "I'll bet you fifty bucks you can't lick either one of 'em."

"Bring your fifty," said Gus, "and either one of 'em out into the street."

Butting in on Wrestling

"No," said the other, "but I'll tell you what I will do: I know the guy who runs these bouts. I'll get him to put you on with one of 'em at his next show and I'll bet you the fifty you don't last five minutes."

"O. K.," said Gus, "it's a bet."

Let Gus tell what happened in his own slightly censored words:

"John Spellman, who played the other tackle on the Rollers, had been an intercollegiate and Olympic wrestler at Brown. He'd likewise dabbled a little in the professional game. He took me over to the Y. M. C. A. a few mornings and tried to show me some of the simpler holds and how to break them, but when I finally got in the ring that night, I couldn't even remember how John's voice had sounded!

"I never felt much sillier than I did up in that corner waiting for the match to get started. For one thing, I'd never before stood up wearing nothing but a pair of woolen trunks before a crowd of people. I felt absolutely and terribly naked. For another, I could scarcely see across the ring for the smoke. I thought I was going to choke. And such sight as I could get showed me nothing but the tremendous bulk of this big hairy baboon. I think they said his name was Al Thomas. He was supposed to be the champion of Syria or something.

"The referee, a genial but very cross-eyed gentleman who worked on the police force of a near-by town, examined the length of our finger nails and felt our bodies for grease. The crowd let off a roar and then he waved us together.

"All I could think of as this big hulk came striding toward me was that I was supposed to get him on his back upon the floor. All Spellman's instructions had gone from me completely, and in a sudden panic I fell back upon football. I decided to tackle him. That at least would knock him down. Then all at once I remembered that I'd never tackled a man who was walking. But there was no time for quibbling over the likes of that now. I took three short strides and let him have it, head on.

"The fact that he was walking toward me with his arms wide open is probably all that kept me from being killed, for I misjudged the distance completely and, instead of cracking his thighs, I buried my head in the pit of his stomach. When I felt contact, however, I automatically reached for his knees and gave them a hard upward jerk.

"We went to the canvas with a terrific crash and I half slid off him, bumping my head on the floor. I must have been dazed for a second or two, for the first thing I heard above the roar of the crowd was the referee saying: 'Get up, Sonnenberg. Get off him.' He was patting me upon the back.

"'Get off him; what for?' I asked, in the meantime trying to get more centrally perched on top of him.

"'Because you've won, you sap,' the referee yelled. 'What do you want to do, kill him?'"

Gus, literally and figuratively stunned by it all, arose a little unsteadily as the crowd went crazy.

He'd won his first professional wrestling match in something less than sixty seconds. The now famous and universally used "flying tackle" had just been born into the business, and an ancient but languishing and considerably discredited sport had just been introduced to the awkward young Moses who was indirectly to lead it out of the wilderness of second-floor halls and four-bit admissions back to the Promised Land of ball parks, auditoriums and $10 tops!

Back in the Palmy Days

American wrestling records have been loosely kept, but as professional entertainment the sport is at least a hundred years old in this country. I, personally, have tracked it back through yellowed newspaper clippings for seventy-nine years and, although the trail was lost there, there was no indication that the somewhat pedantic sports writers of 1853 were describing anything they hadn't been used to seeing.

It hit its all-time high in popularity and box-office draught back in 1908. A herd of magnificent human pachyderms

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"Maybe you ain't hyared er me," continued Blue Steel. "Or maybe you don't know how bad I is"

Illustrated by Harry Burne

The Razor Man

By Roark Bradford

Little Blue Steel used a razor. Big Bobo used a club. What's funny about that?

AS TIME for the arrival of the steamboat Ouachita grew nearer, the dozen or more Negroes who waited on the Bienville Street wharf to unload her became less and less talkative. They were big, stout men with backs of iron and muscles of slippery steel, but the work that was before them would take every ounce of strength and stamina they possessed. The Ouachita would come from the Black River country with a load of pipe staves that had to be toted up the slanting wharf.

The silence, however, was not due to the anticipation of the actual work. Work was unpleasant enough when it was in progress, and there was no need for a man to sit and be unhappy for hours by worrying about it before it started. The men who waited were thinking, to a man, not of the work, but of what was to follow—spending their money for food, drink and gayety in the Negro dives "back of town." The old Tennessee Belle had been loaded with a cargo of plantation supplies for Vicksburg only a few hours before, and the men who had toted the freight aboard were, at that very minute, over "back of town," actually doing what the men who waited to unload the Ouachita were doing in their minds.

"I hyars," remarked one of the men known as Splints, "dat Blue Steel is offn de chain gang again."

A man called Bobo shifted uncomfortably on the empty sacks upon which he was lying. Bobo was the biggest man in the group. His arms and feet were huge; ragged overalls covered his legs nearly to his ankles and a ragged cotton shirt was draped picturesquely over parts of his waist and shoulders. His arms were long and limber and his neck and shoulders fairly bulged strength; and his face, except for a good-natured grinning mouth, evinced a fierceness seldom seen outside of the jungle.

"I KNOWED Blue Steel," Yancey stated. "Razor-th'owin' nigger, ain't he?"

"What dey say," Splints affirmed. "I hyar he got lawed for hittin' a man wid a razor over a woman."

"Dat's de same Blue Steel," agreed Yancey. "Got a woman named Myrtle, and he ack plum crazy about her. Mighty nigh cut a nigger's haid off."

"You know Myrtle?" asked Splints.

Yancey laughed. "Not me," he declared heartily. "And what's mo', I ain't honin' to know her. Not wid dat razor-th'owin' man er her'n outn de gang."

"Me and you bofe," Splints agreed.

Bobo sat up and chuckled. "Y'all skeered er razors?" he asked contemptuously. The long, hard muscles in his arms slid easily toward his shoulders and down again. "A man," he added in the same tone, "is got to git to you befo' he kin hit you wid a razor." And from behind the pile of sacks he drew a long heavy club—a piece of white-oak wagon spoke that had been shaped crudely and worn slick with long carrying. "I'd ruther have dis stick," he went on, "den any razor you kin tote."

Splints and Yancey looked at each other knowingly. A laugh came from another Negro and soon the whole group fell to discussing the relative merits of the two weapons.

"Me," began Splints, "I packs a shawtgun when trouble dogs me. It'll go out and bring 'em to you."

"I leaves when things gits bad," declared Yancey. "But efn I was a fightin' man, I b'lieve I'd ruther have a razor den a gun. Cause what efn dat gun snaps? A good razor never will miss fire—"

While the argument waxed in a friendly but none the less opinionated vein, Blue Steel walked noiselessly upon the wharf.

He was small and, at first glance, appeared to be a yellow-skinned man. But the more you looked at him the blacker his skin seemed to get, until finally you realized his complexion was one of iridescent blue. He limped slightly where the chain-gang ankle cuff had worked into the flesh and his leg had been infected. His eyes were small drab blobs that sat deeply beneath his forehead with no particular symmetry, and he swung his arms and shoulders with a quick, nervous movement as he walked.

WHEN he came up to the group a sudden hush fell on everyone. They smelled trouble and when trouble was near there was no need to talk.

"Is they a nigger hyar name' Bobo?" Blue Steel asked. It was more a defiant challenge than a question.

Bobo was sitting down with his wagon spoke in both hands. He raised his eyes for a quick appraisal of Blue Steel and then looked back at the stick. "Bobo is my name," he said quietly, and at the same time he began a slow, rhythmic pounding of the end of his stick against the wharf floor.

"You tuck my woman whilst I was on de gang." Blue Steel's tone was clearly a threat. Bobo continued the slow pounding of the stick against the floor, between his feet.

"Maybe you ain't hyared er me," continued Blue Steel. "Or maybe you don't know how bad I is."

"Humph!" grunted Bobo.

"My name," went on the little man, "is what de people calls Blue Steel."

"And you calls Myrtle yo' woman," added Bobo.

Bobo's statement was more than an admission; it was a suggestion to Blue Steel to do what he thought he could do about it, and such a dare, couched as it was in cool, unmistakable words, steadied the growing hysteria of the razor-throwing Negro.

Blue Steel was no coward. Nor was he a fool. He realized at once that Bobo was not frightened and he also realized that Bobo could—and would—knock his head off with one blow of that club if he were given the opportunity.

Blue Steel backed off a step and carefully sized up the situation. Bobo raised and dropped the club in steady rhythm and watched Blue Steel from the corner of his eye.

Blue Steel decided if he could rush

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So Many Orchids

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Lynn Montross

"One dozen orchids," he repeated to the surprised florist's clerk, who was not accustomed to selling orchids by the dozen

IT WAS not the first time they had quarreled but Phil had a dull, sickening feeling that it would be the last. Everything was over now. He faced Kay in the half-open doorway and heard himself saying as if from a great distance: "You understand that I'm not coming back?"

She nodded. Her pretty face—black brocade hair, red poinsettia lips, eyes of cornflower blue—was strangely white and twisted in misery. "You've told me that several times, if you'll remember."

One more second in which their eyes clung in helpless anger—anger that had once been devotion—and then he was staring at the blank door of an apartment that had once been home. That was all. That was how marriages ended in this curious year 1932. . . .

He plodded ahead unseeingly through November rain which pierced the early darkness like needles.

Once he would have taken Kay to the neighborhood movie on a drizzling Saturday afternoon like this, and afterward they would have roasted chestnuts in front of the fireplace. But that was past. Forty-nine months, one week and three days their marriage had lasted, he counted up bitterly, and now he could see a neat tombstone over the mound covering the romance of the "perfect couple." *Requiescat!*

Once (it seemed long ago) he and Kay had found something different from other lovers. And now they were quarreling and separating like most of the other couples of their acquaintance. A few more years and each would be married again to somebody else who'd just been divorced. It was like trading the old car in for the new, only cars couldn't feel.

He tried to think of one couple—just one—who had outwitted this petty discontent which blamed marriage for the shortcomings of life itself. He racked his brain but there was only one—their best friends, Paul and Zilla. Cute, gay, red-haired, snub-nosed Zilla! She'd thrown a poverty party, the best party of the summer, the night Paul came home with the bad news about a twenty-per-cent cut in pay. That was the kind of girl she was—and after eight years of marriage at that!

Phil stopped short. He knew that he had to see Zilla, to tell her what a wonderful scout she was. Darn it all, a girl like that ought to have every man's appreciation. As he paused, his eye caught the lighted window of the florist's across the street. . . . Zilla had to have flowers.

"One dozen orchids," he repeated firmly to the surprised florist's clerk, who was not accustomed to selling orchids by the dozen.

Clutching the huge, damp paper cone, he hurried to Zilla's flat. The door was half open. He waited a second before he heard a muffled sob from the living-room; then, dropping the flowers on a hall table, he rushed in.

"Why, Zilla!"

HER face was buried in a cushion and her shoulders shook.

"Phil—I'm so glad you came." Her voice was shaky. "*I'm leaving Paul!*"

Phil felt like a punctured balloon. Here he had come as an envoy from all harassed husbands bearing orchids to the one wife who could take it on the chin from life without whimpering. Now—Zilla, too!

"You don't know, Phil! You can't realize—you and Kay are so happy together you haven't suspected. It wouldn't have happened if only Paul were like you sometimes, if only he'd do something different just once to get out of the groove he's been in since his pay was cut. I'd rather he'd be extravagant than so gloomy—"

Phil remembered guiltily that he hadn't exactly been any singing lark since his commissions had gone down by at least half.

"You've done so many nice little things for Kay, and a woman can go through almost anything with a man if he acts like a pal instead of a discouraged old grouch—!"

Zilla didn't have to be urged to go on. Rapidly, often incoherently, she brought up the small grievances of months. They sounded amazingly trivial to Phil until he admitted, ashamedly, that they were almost identical with those he and Kay had had this last lean year. But how ridiculous they seemed when somebody else tried to make them tragic!

Before he realized what he was doing, Phil reached over and shook Zilla vigorously as if she were a spoiled child. She was furious but he firmly held his hand over her mouth. "Shut up! You're going to listen to me for a while, whether you like it or not. It's disgusting to hear you whine like this—I'd never have thought it of *you!*"

Then, with crafty, pouncing phrases he leaped upon Zilla's complaints and rent them to absurd shreds. He scolded, exhorted, persuaded like an evangelist. It was so touching that he began to believe it himself and became the more inspired. His lecture soared to a masterful climax in which he, as a best friend, absolutely refused to believe that a few silly vexations could end the most successful marriage that he had ever known.

He paused, breathless but triumphant. Zilla had melted into tears again and Phil knew that he had won. Then like a heavy blow it struck him that he and Kay were through. If only somebody had talked to them this way!

It was a long time before the doorbell penetrated to his consciousness. Zilla powdered her nose and eyes on the way to the hall. When she returned she looked anxious. "It's Kay. And, Phil—don't ever tell her, *please*. I'd rather only you and I knew about this afternoon, now that it doesn't count."

PHIL'S glance met Kay's in embarrassment as each guessed that the other had rushed to tell Zilla. Then after hasty greetings Kay was quickly composed. "I'm in a fearful rush—been shopping and just stopped a second in the roadster to pick up Phil—raining so much—such crowds in the stores—well, maybe we could drop over for a little bridge tonight with you and Paul—"

These disconnected fragments brushed past Phil vaguely as the women chatted in the hall. And then, somehow, he and Kay were outside, alone on the stairs with pretense no longer necessary. They were for the moment like tight-rope walkers precariously balanced on the taut, strained wire of their pride; in that instant they would fall or they would come together. And then Phil looked down at the flowers in his hand; he must have picked them up absently on his way out.

"Here, Kay. I was on my way home with them."

"Isn't it strange?" Her voice was low and husky. "I went out to get some sweetbreads for dinner—you like them so well."

Each knew the other was lying, and their hands met warmly; for these were brave lies which would never see the cold, dreary light of truth. Kay opened the paper cone and her eyes grew wide. Her voice was reverent. "I never—saw—so many orchids—all at once—in my whole life! It's the craziest, most gorgeous, most *extravagant* thing I've ever heard of!"

"Cheap," swaggered Phil. "Cheap at twice the price."

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Defense in the Pacific

By Winston Churchill

Shall the Philippine Islands be granted immediate independence? Mr. Churchill thinks it would be a mistake—a misfortune for the world at large and a tragedy for the Filipinos. In this article the distinguished British statesman surveys the situation "through eyes dispassionate, disinterested and not without political experience of such problems"

I REMEMBER a conversation with a famous American ambassador of many years ago. I had chaffingly rallied him upon "American Imperialism." "What is all this? Conquests! Colonies! You'll be getting quite like us soon."

"It is nothing," he replied with his quizzical, twinkling smile. "We have merely extended the Monroe Doctrine to cover the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the continents adjacent thereto."

The possession of the Philippines has unquestionably added enormously to the complications and responsibilities of American foreign policy. For the first time the states of the American Union have stretched their arms beyond the oceans by which they have been protected and have established themselves in a wide and populous country on the farther side. To maintain peace, order and progress in the 7,000 Philippine Islands, with their restless, racially and religiously divided population and their close proximity to the centralized, active, vigilant, efficient and heavily armed power of Japan, is a task not to be underrated in intricacy or gravity.

Top, Winston Churchill. Below are two scenes typical of the old order of things in Manila, the markets in the native and Chinese quarters in 1908

Let's Take a Second Look

At different times under different administrations the Senate and the House of Representatives have passed resolutions in favor of the abandonment of the Philippines. The Philippine legislature proclaims every year with unanimity its desire for independence. All the Presidents of the United States concerned, even those most averse to abandonment, have declared that Philippine independence is the ultimate goal of the policy of the United States. At least four separate bills to effect this object—forthwith, in five years, or in ten—have made progress in Washington. The Democratic party has consistently made Philippine independence a plank in its platform. In these circumstances it may be useful for an English friend and well-wisher of the United States to survey the situation through eyes dispassionate, disinterested and not without political experience of such problems.

More than thirty years have passed since the accident and mood of war led the United States Navy to Manila Harbor and the American people purchased the Philippine Islands from Spain for $20,000,000. What has been the record of the United States during this whole generation of responsible control? What have been its effects upon the Filipinos themselves, upon the United States, and upon the world at large?

There is no doubt that most foreign countries having interests in the Far East have found it a very great convenience to have in the Philippines a stable, orderly government for all of whose fortunes and actions Washington accepts full responsibility.

The high-tariff policy of the United States has almost severed the trade of the Philippines from all territories except her own. Great Britain, Australia, China, Japan and the islands in the neighboring archipelago have all seen their commerce with the Philippines remarkably curtailed or virtually extinguished. To Japan in particular the establishment of the flag of another white nation in Asiatic waters thousands of miles from its home caused inevitable heartburnings and must be deemed antagonistic to the deep, latent interests of the state.

But, making all allowances for these facts, there is no doubt that the public opinion of the world as a whole, and particularly of course of its leading powers, has welcomed the American entry into the sphere of colonial administration and has greeted with good will and respect the results which have followed from it. It was found possible in the Washington Conference of 1921 to regulate the whole peace and security of the Yellow Sea and indeed of the Pacific Ocean in such a way that no quarrel or even dispute of any serious kind has arisen between the high contracting parties. Beyond question the establishment of American sovereignty in the Philippines has caused less international friction than would be caused by its abandonment.

To the United States itself, the great departure from self-contained continentalism, this new adventure far across the immense ocean spaces, has brought in a material sense no profit. On the contrary, when all the figures of the purchase price, of the cost of suppressing the Aguinaldo rebellion, of the military occupations and other charges have been set out in their lengthy catalogue there can be no doubt that a heavy financial sacrifice has been made by the American taxpayer even after all compensations in trade or patronage have been fully discounted.

The White Man's Burden

Even in trade itself there is loss as well as gain. While some American industries and interests have thrived by the incorporation of the Philippines within the sovereignty of the American people, others complain in doleful and increasing chorus of the competition of the products—especially sugar—of cheap Filipino labor. And all along the thousand miles of Californian seaboard the question of Filipino immigration raises anxiety, with the prejudice and anger that spring from anxiety.

Certainly no one could say that the acquisition of the Philippine Islands has been a source of lucre or sordid exploitation to the American people. They have responded to Mr. Kipling's appeal, reinforced by the march of events, "Take up the white man's burden." They have found it a burden, one which with their giant strength they could easily bear, but, so far as dollars and sweat go, a burden none the less. If the question of American retention of the Philippines is to be argued at all, it cannot be argued upon the bookkeeping considerations of profit and loss. The issue can only be decided upon considerations of national duty, dignity and honor, and upon its international repercussions.

Let us examine what effect this has had upon the naval policy and expenditures of the United States. Have the great expansion of the American Navy and the enormous consequent addition to the armament burden been caused to any large extent by the need of defending the Philippine Islands? I say no, for two solid reasons. First, the expansion of the United States Navy since pre-war days has not been related to any increase in the dangers or re-

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sponsibilities of the United States. It has been due to the natural feeling of so powerful a community that whatever their practical need, they ought for the sake of their dignity, authority and status to maintain in principle a sea power "second to none." I do not believe that the immense growth of the United States Navy would have been retarded or prevented if the Philippines had been given their independence thirty years ago. That memorable world event has arisen from entirely separate causes, and would have occurred in any event.

A Game We Can't Play

Secondly, the United States should have no delusions about the ability of her Navy to protect the Philippines. It is utterly incapable of doing so. I do not suppose that there is a single United States naval officer of high responsible rank who would not declare to the Washington Cabinet that the defense of the Philippines against major and resolute invasion by Japan is impracticable. It is almost inconceivable that American naval operations with the existing vessels driven by steam and oil could be maintained against a strong, efficient, hostile fleet across a distance of what may well be twice the width of the Atlantic Ocean.

Of course if war broke out, the American people after three or four years of suffering and expense could construct vessels and floating apparatus of an altogether larger type than anything previously seen in the world, and could also build the super-gigantic docks and appliances necessary to handle them. But at the present time the effective naval defense of the Philippines against Japan is not a task which any American admiral would gladly undertake. Therefore I argue that the growth of the American Navy and its expense to the taxpayer have arisen from reasons entirely unconnected with the retention of the Philippine Islands.

What, then, protects the Philippines from all aggressive danger? It is the massive civil power and influence of the American Union, with all its boundless potential energies and long traditions of perseverance in peace and war. As long as the Stars and Stripes fly over Manila no state, however strong and adventurous, will ever, or at least in any period it is worth while for us to foresee, challenge its sovereignty.

I have now dealt with the effects upon the world which are advantageous, and with the effects upon the United States which are certainly not profitable, of American control of the Philippines. Let us thirdly proceed to examine the effects upon the Filipinos themselves.

There can be no dispute that these have been highly beneficial. Most countries in the world have made progress in spite of the Great War and other disasters during the last thirty years, but scarcely any part of the world has advanced with the rapidity of the Philippine Islands. The record of the United States in the Philippines, in spite of inevitable mistakes, incidents and shortcomings, has been magnificent.

Prosperity Follows the Flag

The Filipinos have almost doubled in number. Five or six new millions of potentially unborn souls have stretched their fingers and spread their palms in the sunlight of mundane life. Where there were no schools worth speaking of there are now a million and a quarter scholars. Where there were hardly any hospitals and dispensaries there are now more than a million patients treated every year. Sanitary reform has been continual. Pure water is supplied to the cities. Irrigation schemes spread over the land. Lepers are segregated and sheltered. Good roads, formerly nonexistent, now stretch for more than 4,000 miles. Wealth and prosperity have followed the American flag; the trade of the islands, export and import, foreign and internal, has grown by leaps and bounds.

Astounding figures have been given by Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt in his book entitled The Restless Pacific, and are also confirmed from independent sources. In 1900 the deaths from smallpox were 40,000. By 1915 they had dropped to 276. In 1900 the deaths from cholera were 100,000. In 1915 they had dropped to 820. Then came a process of rather rapid Filipinization of the government under Governor Harrison, and the health service was turned over to the Filipinos, and at once the death rate rose; smallpox rose from 276 to 49,971, cholera rose from 820 to 17,537. The Americans took hold of the work again and five years later there were no deaths from cholera and only 6 deaths from smallpox.

One ought to sit down and look at figures like these. There are so many figures nowadays. They are spattered out; people pay no more attention to them than they do to a mild breeze. But these are among the most pregnant

(Continued on page 30)

Modern Manila: top, the post office and Metropolitan Theater, both of native design and construction; Dewey Boulevard along the bay front, and Igorot boys playing baseball. At the right is Francis B. Harrison, ex-governor general of the Philippines

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Wings of Fame

By Georges Surdez

Captain Marnier had to choose between love and the world. It took him a long time—but he chose

The next morning she prepared his belongings. She packed away his papers, the sheaf of notes passed to him by Breval during the flight

"CRASHED somewhere in Canada," the sick man said clearly, "somewhere in Canada, failing to reach objective, New York. . . ."

He opened his eyes. They were bending over him again, the bearded men and the women. They had returned again and again, one of his visions, always in the same setting, with slanting poles above their heads, a log wall behind them. And, always, there was the smell of cooking.

She was not a woman, but a young girl, pretty, with a smooth, dark skin, high cheekbones and immense eyes, very dark, very alive. Perhaps this vision was clearest because he liked her.

"Cable, telegraph," he murmured. "I'm Marnier, Captain Marnier. Listen, Marnier-Breval, Paris to New York. Telegraph, cable. . . ."

They all spoke at once, but he understood only the soft voice of the girl, urging him to be quiet. He could feel her firm fingers touch his shoulders as she adjusted the blankets.

"I'm Marnier, Paris to New York. Cable. . . ."

"You're doing yourself harm. Sleep, sleep. . . ."

Sleep. He would not sleep, could not sleep, for Breval had passed a scribbled note over to him, stating that they were still lost in the dense fog. The plane plunged in the fleecy white, hurtling on, on . . . the crash would come in another second. It came. Marnier had mechanically switched off the ignition, unbuckled his safety-belt, scrambled wildly to leap clear, with the cracking and smashing of the great wings in the stout branches. The motor was stilled suddenly, and all sounds were sharp: the splintering of wood, the ripping of fabric. . . .

Falling, falling . . .

HE MUST gain his feet, live until he had set fire to the machine. The Germans must not get it; it was a new model, and must be set afire. No, he had not crashed yet; he was over the lines, his body part of the artificial bird, with clouds everywhere about him, thick and snowy, solid in the impalpable blue layers of the sky; clouds that spun as he fell down toward the black and yellow smoke below, where men were toiling to kill one another.

He was falling, falling . . . bullets ripped along the top of the plane, dug white streaks in the stays, missing his helmeted head by inches. Falling, with his machine gun stuck on the swivel. He could not loosen it. Falling, falling, somewhere in Canada, after flying the Atlantic. . . .

"Marnier-Breval, Paris to New York, cable. . . ."

"Drink. . . ."

No, he was not falling into the sea. It was not today; it was far in the future. He would not leave Paris for New York until ten years from now. The machine gun functioned, and it was not Marnier who was falling, but his enemy, the German. Five hundred feet below him, a plane swirled in the ardent sunlight, its black crosses vanishing into shadow to dart into sight again. Marnier's stocky body felt the fierce surge of the dive, the reports of his machine gun rang clear and sharp above the explosions of the motor.

"Got him, I've got him!"

His bullets went straight, and that man was doomed, going down, down, not in the pretended distress of a few seconds ago, but in a terrifying death plunge. There was a spurt of flame, a swirl of smoke. In another minute, that German would be roasting on the ground.

"Thirty-two, thirty-two!"

He would make it thirty-three, was soaring up again, four, five thousand, higher and still higher. Too high, for he was going into a slip. Too high . . . that was the ocean below and the fog ahead.

Paris to New York!

THE sloping roof again, the log wall and the girl. The men had gone. Marnier was calm, although pain racked his body while his head and limbs were weighed down by a remote, dull ache. The girl's arm was supporting his head, her red cheek was very near. He must make her understand that the world was waiting for news, that she must get word to a telegraph station. But his eyes closed.

"Where am I? What's your name?"

He was flying again and, although he heard her voice, the answer was drowned out in the crashing of the wings through the branches, in the unleashed roars of a dozen motors. They had smashed; Breval was dead.

"Dead, like all the rest. But I won't die. I'm Marnier."

His mind was suddenly calm in the tormented body, and he relived his life clearly. He was a boy, playing in the street. Raoul Marnier, the bad boy who could not learn to spell. His mother wanted him to study, to be a clerk in a government office. He wanted to be a mechanic. He had his way and she wept. The shop, the garage, and the war.

For the first time he actually experienced the sensation he had always known, the drunken exhilaration of flying, the feeling of one's body elongated by the whole span of the plane. Combats, one victory after another; he was Marnier, pilot, corporal, sergeant, adjutant, lieutenant and captain in three years, Knight of the Legion of Honor, War Cross with palms! He was Marnier, who flashed from obscurity to blaze in glory across the sky of France.

Champagne suppers in Paris, the mad automobile rides to return from leaves. Comrades brought down, smashed, mangled, burned, a hundred youths raining from the sky. Spend the last ounce of strength, the last *sou*, for life is short, a sponge that must be squeezed dry before leaving. His picture in the magazines, fame, fame, fame. . . .

Then the Armistice. Marnier found himself one of the few individual heroes surviving the struggle, one of five hundred out of many millions. Missions of good will for the government, including expense accounts, entertainments, high living in the best hotels and de luxe liners in exchange for parades, speeches, lectures.

HE HAD met Gloria, tall, slender, beautiful and spoiled. He had loved her, she had loved him. He had loved her enough to marry her within three weeks of their meeting, although he knew the source of her love. He was poor, she was wealthy, but they were brought together on a false footing of equality because he was a conspicuous man, she a conspicuous woman. Underneath, they were far apart, for he was the man of humble beginnings, the creature of effort and conquest, while she was the product of money. Very soon there had been the clash of educations, races and temperaments.

What had brought them together drove them apart. She scorned his liking for publicity, for admiration, while he resented her flirting. He had to keep up with her, learned to spend recklessly for silly luxuries that seemed necessities; hundreds of dollars, thousands of francs, for flowers, engraved cards, trinkets.

His fame brought him credit. Then all his creditors clamored at the same time. Newly acquired friends urged him to use his reputation commercially. And in the end, feeling cheapened, he was sunk in debts. Semi-official action was taken to clear off his obligations, and he was recalled home, warned that his valor during the war would not save him again from public humiliation. His decision to reënter the service actively

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Illustrated by Henry Luhrs

caused quarrels with his wife. She misunderstood necessities as a longing for admiration. They fought bitterly, spoke hasty truths.

"After all, who are you? What are you?" she asked in a rage, when he told her that he must show himself when requested. "All those silly women gaping at you! You're nothing but a lucky mechanic!"

He nodded. That was all he was. A good proportion of the men he had vanquished had been his superiors as flyers and marksmen, but relentless luck had guided his bullets. Shorn of his war fame, he was nothing except a man with quicker reflexes, with sharper instinct than most; luckier, too.

That had led to separation, to divorce.

For a while he had been broken-hearted and hopeless. Breval, whom he had known during the war, brought salvation, a new interest. He stated that Marnier's old fame would obtain backing for a transatlantic flight from east to west. He, Breval, was both a navigator and a pilot.

"There's risk, of course," he had explained in his thick, calm voice. "But the world belongs to the fellows who first make the flight between Paris and New York. It is physically possible with the present-day machines. You are lucky, and luck will help. Get this: the whole world was accustomed to the spectacular by nearly five years of war. That is receding into the past, and they're all looking for new heroes. You know how long that lasts! But this time we'll cash in. For, this time, it is for France, but also for ourselves."

Marnier knew that with this matter-of-fact, cynical speech Breval was masking a boyish enthusiasm, for Breval was as himself—he loved flying. Breval, short, heavy, growing gray, his face bearing the scars of the past, had eyes limpid as a child's, which glowed at the thought of "pulling a stunt that'll knock their eyes out."

WITH the announcement that he would undertake the Paris-to-New York flight, Marnier's fame flamed anew, as strong and fresh as ten years before. Again his picture ornamented newspapers and magazines. Crowds acclaimed him, fathers pointed him out to their small children as he walked the streets. For they all believed in him. Wasn't he Captain Marnier, who never failed?

During the preparations for the flight, Marnier received letters from his wife. It was evident that she still loved him, was seeking a reconciliation. But he sought in vain for a sincere word of caution, for a hint that she would have preferred him obscure and safe. Nothing genuinely tender entered that ardent, metallic affection. What she loved in him was the conqueror.

He was disappointed, but not bitter. Even his family, his mother, who loved him sincerely enough, protested but mildly. Somehow, his life had grown in scope, was too confused, too complicated, for normal expression of normal sentiments. To fear for him was regarded as treason.

Crowds came to the field on holidays to see him and his machine. He would single out men who resembled him physically and who were obviously mechanics. And he tried to envy them, as they sat with their families, eating luncheons out of cardboard boxes and drinking wine from the bottle's neck. Yet that was what he had been intended for; the rest had been accident, sheer luck. The take-off was hurried by the news that flyers across the Atlantic were about to start, flying west to east. There was no place for a second, not for Marnier. It was all-important to be first. With incredible speed he had hurtled with Breval from the moist dawn near Paris to the crash in the moist fog in Canada.

"MY NAME'S Marie—Marie Trainton."

With the end of his delirium, he ceased to call for the telegraph office. He recovered slowly. Even after he was convalescent, there were periods when he lacked the energy to move or talk. The girl, Marie, swathed him in a close net of attentions. Marnier had no doubt that she was in love with him, felt a vague pity for her. She did not know who he was, what his life had been.

There were three men—the father, Gaspard Trainton, and his two sons, Louis and Jack. All three were tall, wide across the shoulders, deep-chested and bearded. As a rule, they proved taciturn fellows, intelligent enough. They nodded when he spoke of the machine, but when he undertook to tell them that he had come across the ocean, they shook their heads.

Four women were about the place, Marie and her mother and two young matrons wedded to the boys. These last had some Indian blood, by all evidence; were *métisse*, half-breeds. Not one of them could read. Marnier noted this when they conferred before opening tinned foods, staring at the pictures on the labels rather than at the print.

However, they were exceedingly kind, attentive in an unobtrusive, casual fashion. Among themselves they spoke a queer language, composed of archaic French, English and many locutions in a tongue which Marnier had never heard, probably some native dialect.

He had crashed late in the spring, and it was fall before his injuries healed sufficiently to allow him to walk very far. He knew that he must cable, but a strange apathy had dropped upon him. He was content where he was, and all thought of the outside started his head to aching. Moreover, he discovered that it was useless for him to urge the men to guide him. They were polite, but stubborn. When Jack gave him a pipe and tobacco, he attempted to take advantage of this friendliness:

"How far to the nearest settlement?"

"Place where they buy furs, three weeks, walking."

"I want to go there, or send someone with a note."

"Next spring, maybe."

They appeared to feel that they had done their duty as human beings by treating him well; they never mentioned possible payment. They asked no work of him, but they refused to drop their routine occupations to take him outside, did not seem to understand the value of money when he told them that a large reward was likely to be paid to them for his safe return.

"You come with us in the spring," they repeated to his pleading. "When we go to buy food and clothing."

THERE were three large cabins. In the largest, Marnier lived with the father, the mother and Marie. His bunk was screened from the main room by a curtain of sacking. Each of the boys owned a log shelter. They had children of their own, swarthy, fierce little things, tanned dark as leather, with rounded bellies and sturdy little legs. The older lads watched the swine, which were driven back into the pen at night. There were a few chickens, several dogs, slouchy, bored animals of uncertain breeding, who became as alert and wiggly as puppies when one of the men picked a gun from the rack. The women and the smaller children cultivated the cleared space behind the camp.

In the evening the men would gather before the fire in the largest cabin, to smoke and drink, seldom to talk. Marnier, who had been easily bored, enjoyed their company. They were powerful men; bravery was as natural to them as breathing. But they had heard of the war only vaguely, because two lads from the nearest settlements had gone away and failed to return.

"What city did they start for?" Marnier asked.

"Quebec."

"Far from here?"

They consulted in brief words. Yes, it was far. Days of marching, then a long train journey. Not one of the three had ever been there. What motive, they wondered, did they have for going to a city? Their reserve melted when Marnier proved that he understood some of the things they were interested in. He mended guns better than they did, quickly, efficiently. They admired his skill with a rifle. When the first frost hung in the air, Jack took him hunting. They camped together for three nights. Being isolated, they grew confidential.

"You found my machine?" Marnier asked.

"Yes. You had been walking long time, but not walking far. We put your friend under ground and hid the rest."

"Why?"

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Something Useful for Christmas

By Katharine Haviland-Taylor

A story of youth in rebellion. You are going to hear from the little heroine later. Girls like Tessa Meredith simply can't be suppressed

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

She was peering around over a shoulder, owl fashion, and yet had managed to bring Mrs. Tilden's lorgnette into prominence

TESSA MEREDITH paused at the door of the sewing-room to stare at the confusion with bleak, disillusioned eyes. Miss Hudson was upon her knees shortening the most divine dress for Alix. It had absolutely no back, it was the dress Tessa had dreamed of all her life; and Alix was saying there was something about it—she didn't know what—but she didn't quite like it.

"Well, if you're satisfied with that fiancé of yours, I don't know how you can pick on that dress!" said Tessa.

Miss Hudson pricked up her ears; she was that kind. Mrs. Meredith shook her head violently at Tessa, all of sixteen, whom she still called "my baby."

Evelyn, the eldest of the trio, turned her languid gaze on Tessa. "Oh, my dear!" she murmured wearily. She added with strained patience, "I thought you were going somewhere with little Harry Lathrope. Wasn't that the arrangement, Mother?"

Mrs. Meredith rose from her chair. "Come, Tessa," she ordered shortly.

Tessa followed Mrs. Meredith to her bedroom and Mrs. Meredith closed the door. "Tessa," she said, and her voice shook, "you are being—very difficult. You know how Miss Hudson talks!"

"You know you don't like Rodney Grosvenor as well as you do Pete Lane," said Tessa.

"That isn't the question, Tessa; Alix is twenty-three and she has every right to choose her husband, and she has chosen Rodney Grosvenor."

"She's dazzled by him," Tessa explained, "and just because his aunt married some kind of moth-eaten Italian count and his mother is so snooty—"

"Tessa, we've talked this all over before—"

"And Pete's marvelous. He's simply divine and marvelous! Mother, I can't explain because you are not the kind of person to understand this at all, but I merely say—I merely say—there are some souls on earth who cannot see a wrong without attempting to right it, and—they are lonely!"

"Oh, Tessa!" Mrs. Meredith whispered. She stared tragically at Tessa, who had so complicated matters by being shipped home from school at the very beginning of December because of an outbreak of measles.

"And there's another thing," Tessa stated. Mrs. Meredith sighed. This preface always meant trouble and it came. "I will not be foisted upon Harry Lathrope," Tessa continued. "I hate him, I abominate him, I wouldn't marry him even to save Father's business, if Father's business was failing, because I couldn't."

"I DID not ask you to marry Harry because your father's business is failing," Mrs. Meredith asserted, and her voice rose high. "It is not failing, and you're a little girl who should not have one thought of marriage. But Ella Lathrope and I have been friends, dear friends, for years and I order you to be nice to Harry. He's fond of you, you know, dear."

"I've told him his passion is hopeless!" Tessa said.

"Passion," squawked Mrs. Meredith. She realized suddenly that she had never had hysterics but she understood now how women could have them. Had she been as dreadful, as insufferable as this at sixteen? Heaven pity mothers! But Mrs. Meredith knew she had never acted thus and, looking over shoulders, she found that Evelyn and Alix had been angels in the brook-and-river years. And Tessa complicated discipline by interludes in which she was so sweet, so gentle and loving that she melted the firmest parental resolves. She must never let Tessa know, Mrs. Meredith decided, that she too cared genuinely for Alix's discarded Peter Lane and that she could not seem to care for Rodney Grosvenor.

"And there's another thing, Mother," Tessa began anew.

"Yes?" prompted Mrs. Meredith through set teeth; she was hissing, she realized, like a stage villain.

"I do not wish to receive, at Christmas, a lot of piqué collar-and-cuff sets nor a dumb bathrobe that will launder beautifully nor any wool stockings. I am not a child."

"Oh, dear."

"And another thing, Mother—this afternoon I am coming to that tea."

"I told you, dear, that you could look in for a little time."

"I could look in for a little time," Tessa echoed bitterly. "Ah, what a privilege! I am permitted to enter the drawing-room of my own house. Oh, the tragedy of the unwanted child!"

"I've told you, Tessa, again and again" (Mrs. Meredith's voice was shaking), "that you're not—weren't—unwanted. You know we love you, Tessa. Your father is perfectly silly about you—"

"Because he cares for me, the Cinderella of the house, he is silly," said Tessa tragically.

Evelyn opened the door to enter.

"Close the door, Evelyn," said Mrs. Meredith quickly, anxiously.

Evelyn closed the door. "You poor thing!" she said, looking at her mother. Tessa's eyes filled; she was at the age of martyrdom and "no one understood."

Evelyn saw the mist in the big blue eyes. "What are you and little Harry going to do this afternoon?" she asked gently. "Something nice?"

"I have not had my orders," Tessa answered.

"They're—going riding in the park," Mrs. Meredith answered unsteadily, as she fumbled for her handkerchief to dab her eyes. Crying; she knew she would. Couldn't help it! "And Ella," she went on, speaking of her friend Mrs. Lathrope, "said she's giving them a nice tea—"

"Watercress sandwiches and chocolate," Tessa put in, voice seared by the acid of all she had to bear.

EVELYN raised her brows. It was all so trying. "Mother," she said, "there's no use, you know, and you're just wearing yourself to a mean frazzle. Miss Hudson's waiting too; she wants you to see what she suggests doing to that lapin jacket of mine—"

"I would die of shock if a fur coat or any kindness came my way," said Tessa, "but—why do I speak?"

"I've often wondered," said Evelyn.

At half after two the Lathropes' town car stopped before the Merediths' house. Little Harry, who was six feet long and who suggested with erratic and jerky unfolding motions that his joints had not yet been soldered, detached himself from the car with obvious difficulty and in a manner that suggested a strong strain of crab in the ancestry. This accomplished, he became hopelessly involved in his own feet while mounting the steps.

Tessa, who had witnessed the landing, inclined her head, joining him, and without a word she settled in the rear of the car. After they had ridden a

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block she turned to look Harry over from head to foot and then, smiling just a trifle, she looked away. Little Harry felt himself grow moist from a nervous sweat. "Well," he muttered harshly, after a violent outburst of laughter that was rooted in his wish to appear at ease, "I guess maybe, after all, we will have a white Christmas."

The park was unusually dreary. Tessa had seen it millions of times and, anyway, she viewed it as a disgusting dump; nursemaids and babies and dogs and policemen and a lot of old trees!

"Harry," she said suddenly; an idea had hit her amidships and it had taken complete possession, as ideas can when fabric is still pliant enough to be tossed by any wind. "Harry," she continued, "I want to go to Pete Lane's office. Tell your chauffeur, will you?"

"What's the number, anyway?" Harry asked doubtfully. Hedges had been directed to drive them around the park, and sometimes the servants were "kind of difficult" about your own ideas.

She knew the number and she gave it glibly. "You can tell him I'm doing an errand for Alix," she suggested, and she added to herself, "Well, really, I am!"

THE order must have rung true to Hedges, for when he could he turned the car and they headed downtown. "You can tell Hedges Alix doesn't want anyone to know of this," Tessa appended at that point when winter streets grew darker from tall buildings and when you could not see the gray of the pavements echoed in the sullen sky unless you looked straight up.

Pete, sandy-haired and broad of shoulders and with some new, hurt lines around his kind mouth, rose from his desk chair as Tessa appeared.

"Well!" he said overheartily—it hurt to see her—"No end kind of you, Tessa, to run in."

"Oh, not at all, Pete. I've missed you so!"

"Thanks a lot," he said, without looking at her. He had missed her too; everything in the Meredith house made heaven for him, with Alix the queen.

"Pete, I came down on a mission," said Tessa solemnly.

"Yes?"

"I find so much to do in life, counting things, you know, Pete? I cannot, without protest, see a wrong and, anyway, Pete" (her tone became more conversational), "I think Rodney Grosvenor is a mess!"

"We won't fight about that," said Pete, who was busily engaged in ruining a fountain pen by jabbing its business end into a blotter.

"My question is this," said Tessa next: "Do you still love Alix?"

He moistened his lips which had grown stiff, and after a little interval Tessa heard a violently loud, sudden "Yes."

Tessa rose. "That is enough," she stated. "Sometimes if you'd see how she acts in the morning, you wouldn't, but I suppose nothing would matter anyway."

"That's about it," he admitted.

"And—since you love her—I shall act!" said Tessa. "Take heart; paths will smooth; all will be well!"

She left, elated, but without the least notion of how her high resolve was to be developed into action. She knew only that she was not going to have "that mess," Rodney Grosvenor, in the family.

Mrs. Lathrope treated them like children and the tea was the one she'd expected. This done, Harry took Tessa homeward, Hedges driving. She would give Harry one more chance, Tessa decided. The chance depended on his answering a question correctly, and he failed.

"Harry," she asked, "have you any secret sorrows or anything like that?"

He considered it; at length he said, "Well, as a matter of fact, as you might say, I have practically none."

She wrinkled her little nose disdainfully. He was hopeless; a mere clod. Friendship of mothers or not, she would not appear with him again.

AT HOME there were motors, dozens of motors, lining the curb up and down the street; the tea was still going strong, Tessa saw.

"Well, good-by, you big hunk of schweitzer," she said to Harry. Then she skipped up the steps. Inside were candlelight and perfumes, blending; and the maids and Gleason moving around, and Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Pennington still pouring at the ends of the elongated dining-room table. Mrs. Carr was wearing a divine fox fur and Mrs. Pennington had a devastating hat with a nose veil on it.

And that, on Mrs. Furniss, must be the Vionnet dress Alix had spoken about.

Mr. Meredith whispered a hoarse, "Have you—given any of these—to anyone outside—the family?"

And there was that recently divorced Mrs. White, who had made a pause and a lot of questions on the invitation list. She loosed a boudoir aura; you just knew she'd have heavenly negligees.

Tessa had her second thought of that day and it was so divine and heavenly that she gasped aloud absorbing it.

Her mother had said she was going to have Tessa's picture taken and Tessa knew what that would mean: a school dress, a piqué collar and of course not one touch of lipstick. If she could borrow Mrs. Furniss' dress, Mrs. Carr's blue fox, Mrs. Pennington's hat, well, then she would have something in portraits to throw around!

Her mother was moving toward her. "Nice afternoon, Baby?" she asked.

"Oh, divine!" Tessa answered absently. They'd be perfectly willing to lend their clothes; she knew they would. They always did when the younger set put on amateur plays. Tessa moved through the rooms, making an inventory. When she went upstairs she had it all firmly fixed in her mind. After the portraits were finished she'd send one to some paper, and they'd probably print it and wouldn't that surprise her mother and Alix and Evelyn? If she knew a thing, it would!

SHE shook a little as she wriggled out of her day dress. It was a marvelously, a divinely gorgeous thought! And this bloom in thought was to turn to fruit; and suddenly, to Tessa's surprise, she found she could graft the other divine plan to it.

Weak from ecstasy she sank, gasping, into the little chair near her bed. Rodney, seeing the portraits, would naturally fall in love with her. It was all so clear!

She saw his straight, rather early-Vermont lips smiling gently, and in his eyes a light that had never been there—and probably never would be. He held the portrait; looked at it and then at her. "It is you," he said—"you! Why did I never realize your devastating beauty? Forgotten are my dreams of all fair women for, Tessa, you—you—are more beautiful than the dawn!"

"Ah, Rodney," she answered, and now she was whispering the dialogue, "they have done all to crush the unfolding bloom. I have been stifled!"

She would encourage him until Alix, crushed by rebuff, would turn to Pete Lane. She would love to see Alix crushed by rebuff. "That would make a merry Christmas for me!" she said quite loudly. Then when Pete and Alix had announced their engagement—and Alix was so conventional she wouldn't dig out of it—she, Tessa, would say that she had merely done it, pretended her love for Rodney, to save the family honor. Perhaps he'd commit suicide in some nice way that would leave him fit to look at and she would go to stand by the coffin and there she would whisper, "Rest quietly, Rodney; yours is a noble death." And every once in a while she'd park flowers on his grave, because he had sacrificed himself to save Alix.

She rose; she'd write Aggie about her portrait plan. Aggie was home from school too, kindness of measles, and lived in the next block; but letters were nice.

Her fountain pen was dry. For a moment she chewed the end of a pencil. Then she began: "Aggie, darling: I have broken with Harry. It is over. But anyway, what I wanted to say is, I have found the key to the gates of my prison. You know how they stiffle me and—"

She was just finishing the letter when Evelyn, reduced by the strain of being too frightfully pleasant all the afternoon, pounded on her door as a preface to her frankly belligerent, "Are you, or

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The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

Sitting in the bow, Meridew could have enjoyed himself but for the ever-present

The Story Thus Far:

CARL BRAMER and Jim Cattrone, notorious racketeers, are planning the greatest coup in criminal history: the kidnapping of Mark Brockridge, the President of the United States, for whom they hope to obtain a ransom of five million dollars!

Blissfully unaware of this, Myrna Dale (with whom Ken Meridew, a brilliant New York journalist, is in love) meets Cattrone to give him a message from his mother, in Italy.

Cattrone, to impress her, informs her that he could, *if he would*, produce evidence sufficient to convict every big racketeer in America!

Like Meridew, the girl knows President Brockridge. She meets him, secretly; tells him of the racketeer's boast; and Brockridge decides to see Cattrone.

Then, early one evening, Brockridge and Myrna leave Meridew's apartment together—and are kidnapped!

The Chief Executive's bodyguard, and others, directed by Treherne, head of the secret service, are on the job.

From Myrna, who is released by the kidnappers, Meridew and the operatives learn much of the weird story. The girl had accompanied Brockridge downtown for a conference with Cattrone and Bramer's men had seized them!

Next day, Carl Bramer brazenly announces that he has the President. He makes it clear that, if the ransom is not paid, Brockridge will die.

Treherne and his aides find clues which lead them to believe that Brockridge is a prisoner at a camp on Lake Wamsemuck, in Maine.

"I'm going up there," says Treherne. Myrna is present. He turns to her. "You'll go with me—to identify those men." Meridew wants to go, also. "Okay," the secret service man booms. "Let's start!"

XI

THEY left the Long Island airport at shortly after eleven, and at a little after four the big cabin plane landed at Sabinocket. It had been a trip that seemed interminable to Meridew. He was not a good flyer and had to fight continuously against an inclination to air-sickness. And from neither of his fellow-passengers did he receive any of that companionship which might have helped him to take his mind off his squeamishness.

Myrna Dale, after the first fifteen minutes, sank back in her chair and closed her eyes. The natural creaminess of her skin had changed to a whiter shade, which was not unbecoming but which indicated the toll that the last twelve hours had taken of her. Meridew, eager as he was for conversation, and especially conversation with her, had not the heart to disturb the rest which she so obviously needed.

Not that she slept all the way. There were moments when she sat upright, exclaimed over the beauty of the scene below them, and exchanged a few words with Meridew or Treherne. But for practically all of the journey she either slept or dozed or stared straight ahead of her.

Meridew had not seen her thus relaxed heretofore. He knew, without ascribing to himself any attraction, that she had been always on show, so to speak, when he had seen her. Any young girl—or older woman, for that matter—who has not entirely lost her desire to appear well, puts her best foot forward in the presence of the other sex. As men also do. That is one of the ordinary maneuvers in the great game between man and woman. And seldom does a prospective husband really know what sort of person his prospective bride really is, or what she really looks like when she is not on guard.

But Myrna Dale was as nearly unconscious of the presence of two men in the plane as is possible for a person to be forgetful of other near presence. And she was, Meridew felt, as lovely as ever. She appealed to him even more, if that were possible. She had seemed so well able to take care of herself on those other occasions when he had met her despite her appearance of extreme youth. But now, relaxed, mentally and physically exhausted, she seemed less the self-reliant product of this generation than someone whose gentle femininity was her most salient characteristic.

As for Treherne, he returned a gruff monosyllable to Meridew's attempt to make talk, and never encouraged another attempt. He sat for the duration of the trip, leaning slightly forward, staring straight ahead. His small, compact frame seemed taut, and his thin lips were grim. He had taken upon himself a decision that might cost the President's life, and Meridew could sympathize with the torments that must be going on behind that frowning forehead. If the crime was shocking to Meridew, what must it be to Treherne?

But at last the voyage was ended, and they were stretching stiffened limbs upon the ground. And two men had greeted Treherne as he climbed from the plane. The secret service chief grunted their names, Brouillard and Isham, and then the names of his two companions.

"Got a car?" he then asked.

Brouillard, a big, swarthy, black-haired man, who looked foreign—he was of French-Canadian extraction, Meridew later learned—nodded assent.

"Two. Got my big sedan and Isham has his roadster."

"We'll use yours," decided Treherne. "First thing is a meal. We're hungry. Any place where we can have it privately so that we can talk?"

Brouillard shrugged.

"Sabinocket is a small town. But there'll be no one in the dining-room of the hotel at this hour."

"Then let's get there in a hurry," said Treherne. "Isham, garage your car somewhere and join us. Hustle."

He and Brouillard led the way to the waiting sedan, and Meridew and the girl were hard put to it to keep up with them. Everyone was silent until the ride to the hotel had ended.

"Maps?" asked Treherne.

"In the pocket of the door by you," replied the other.

Treherne opened the flap and drew forth several maps. He gripped them tightly in his hand. He carried them into the hotel. A lazy clerk twirled a register. Treherne shook an impatient head.

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John Gannam

worry about Brockridge

"Just for a meal," he said. "Five of us. What can you whip up in a rush? Ham and eggs, coffee and pie? Okay. Hustle it; we'll be in the dining-room."

Instinctively he seemed to know the direction of that room, and led the way to it. And Meridew noticed, with approval, that Myrna did not pause en route to make those adjustments to complexion that might have been pardonable under the circumstances. Although she did open a tiny compact and smooth her already even eyebrows and touch, ever so faintly, her lips with color.

Isham joined them almost as they sat down. He looked inquiringly at Treherne.

"Grub first," said his chief. For the first time since his entrance into Meridew's apartment this morning, the thin lips curled in a grin. "Dying of curiosity, eh, boys? Well, all I can say is that you're going to get the shock of your lives. And that will be all now."

Food was brought them with surprising promptness. And it was dispatched with equal celerity. And when the waitress had been dismissed, with a tip whose size turned her sullenness at serving a meal outside of the regular hours into beaming gratitude, Treherne hunched his chair closer to the table.

"Don't interrupt, boys," he ordered. "Just listen."

MORE tersely than Meridew would have believed possible he related the events of the past eighteen hours.

"There you have it all," he concluded. "Whether Brockridge is at the camp DiSalvo rented, the Lord alone knows. We weren't able to check up on DiSalvo. Afraid to. If any inquiry were made about him, that might give the alarm that we were on the trail. We're playing a hunch and the tip a kid newspaper man gave us—that DiSalvo is Bramer's buddy. Now, Bramer won't get his dough today, I hope. I'll check up on that in one minute. You wait."

He left the dining-room, proceeding with nervous, jerky strides to the hotel office.

Brouillard looked at Isham, and the two then looked admiringly at Myrna. But neither of them said one word. They were so completely under the command of their superior that they preferred not to speak until they had had his sanction. As for Myrna and Meridew, they felt, both of them, somewhat like suspicious characters awaiting the arrival of some superior police official. There was that about Treherne which made for that kind of feeling. His very movements spoke of authority, of power.

He returned in five minutes.

"Got Gerryman at your apartment, Meridew," he said. "Bramer had phoned again. Said he would call for the money tomorrow morning at eight. Gave more warnings as to what would happen if any attempt were made to trace him. So—we've got—" he looked at his watch —"about fourteen hours to do our stuff, if there's any stuff to be done."

He almost tore from his pocket the maps he had taken from the car. He spread one open and put a quick forefinger on the word "Sabinocket."

"The best way to Wamsemuck, Brouillard," he said curtly.

Brouillard shrugged.

"The *best* way, Chief," he said, "is to go to Houlton. But, unless we flew, we'd never make it before dawn—if then."

"Can't fly. Too noticeable. And can't wait that long. It's several hours' ride from Houlton to Wamsemuck, isn't it? Well, then. And we'd be following the obvious route, the route they'd watch, if they watch any at all. And they aren't too cocksure; they wouldn't be overconfident. Any stir at Houlton—not so good.

"Now, I know the general layout of the country in a vague way, and this map is making it a little clearer. I want to come into Wamsemuck from the western end. Houlton lies east. But if a party of campers came in from the *west*, came in canoes, how in blazes could anyone suspect that those campers had anything to do with Brockridge? Get me? It's got to be by surprise. We'll run into some native. He'll tell us which is the Bailey camp. And can any of you think of anything better?"

Isham, a man almost as big as Brouillard, but sandy-haired and less heavy, grinned appreciation.

"It's smart, Chief. Just a bunch of canoeists drifting in from the wrong end of the lake. Only—not so easy to do."

His finger traced a route on the map.

"I know this country—and so does Brouillard. Know it well enough to realize that I'd have one terribly tough time taking you over it by day, and couldn't think of it by night. Why, by night I couldn't even follow the roads. Could you, Brouillard?"

The swarthy man shook his head.

"If we want to slip into Lake Wamsemuck, the only way is by the Ablestook Fork. I mean, if we want to get there by tomorrow morning. That means we'll have to get to Ablestook sometime tonight. Corduroy roads for fifty miles. The last fifty. About three houses at Ablestook. I suppose we could get canoes there. Whether we could get them in the middle of the night is another matter. And, unless we can find a guide here—we'd never get there in the dark."

"We've *got* to get there," said Treherne. "Wait here."

He rose abruptly and disappeared in the direction of the office. Brouillard looked at Myrna and Meridew and grinned. This time he spoke.

"We'll get there," he declared. "We'll get there if we walk and swim." He eyed the girl. "You'll have to get some clothes," he told her. "You can't canoe in that outfit."

"That outfit" was a morning frock, eminently suitable to Park Avenue or luncheon at a restaurant, but ill-suited to a journey by canoe.

She smiled, and Brouillard and Isham were her instant slaves.

"I'll do the best I can, and that best should be overalls, shouldn't it?"

"And sneakers and a good, heavy sweater. It's liable to get mighty cold along toward dawn," said Isham. He looked up as Treherne entered the room.

"Got a guide," he announced. "Needn't have worried about that. You can't cross the street in these Maine towns without stumbling over a dozen of them. Clerk recommends him—not that I'd have refused him if he didn't have a recommendation from his local pastor—sent him out to get grub. Says he can go to Ablestook blindfolded and walking backward. Says he can get two canoes there. Six of us and no dunnage. Plenty of room. Now, we need some sweaters and things. General store around the corner. Let's go."

THEY were attired in corduroy trousers, flannel shirts and felt fishing hats twenty minutes later. If their costumes looked a bit new, the newness would be worn off by tomorrow morning. Myrna looked at herself in a mirror and giggled irrepressibly.

"I look simply awful, don't I?" she said to Meridew.

"You look the loveliest creature in the world," he assured her.

And at this, almost the first word he had exchanged with her today, a hint of color appeared in her smooth cheeks. But before she could make any reply, if she intended one, Treherne was herding them from the shop.

"Guns?" he said to his two subordinates.

They nodded assent. He looked at Meridew.

"I have one," said the latter.

A straight-haired, dark man of middle years, wiry and alert, whose coloring and features proclaimed a strain of Indian, was waiting for them. On the floor of the sedan was a little heap of supplies.

"Johnny Goodhue," said Treherne. "He's guiding us. Pile in. And better let Johnny drive, Brouillard. He knows the road and it will be dark soon."

He himself got into the front seat, and Brouillard and Isham insisted that Meridew and the girl occupy the rear seat. They took the two folding seats and the car started.

"Suppose you're wondering what's the goshawful hurry and why we haven't any tackle, eh, Johnny?" Treherne said to the guide.

"Not my business to wonder," replied the guide.

"WELL, you're going to do plenty, Johnny, and people that are wondering don't keep their minds on business. Ever see one of these, Johnny?"

He showed the guide a badge. Goodhue shook his head.

"Government business, Johnny," explained Treherne. "And I'm a government agent. Some people I'm going to arrest on Wamsemuck. May be a little trouble. That's why there are so many of us. We might even need help. How about it?"

The guide slowed the car. He gave Treherne a searching look. Then his foot stepped hard upon the accelerator.

"All right with me," he said.

Treherne twisted in his seat.

"How do you feel, Miss Dale?"

She smiled at him.

"Still tired," she admitted, "but not enough to bother."

"Better grab what rest you can in the car," advised Treherne. "You're a game girl, Miss Dale."

"Thank you," she replied. The color that Meridew's words had brought to her cheeks deepened a trifle.

"I mean it," said Treherne. "And I guess these other gentlemen won't argue with me about it."

"I should say not," said Brouillard. Isham ventured an assent as hearty. As for Meridew, he merely looked at her, and she knew his acquiescence in the others' opinion.

That ended the amenities for a long time. The two Maine operatives were not loquacious men, and during the long day Treherne had proved that he could keep his own counsel. And the guide attended to his business of running the machine. Meridew pointed out an occasional lake and commented on its beauty, but the girl was unresponsive. Slowly she dozed off. Twice, feeling herself bump against Meridew, she straightened herself with a start. But on the third occasion she remained where she was, leaning against him. Slowly, with infinite delicacy, he put his right arm about her shoulders, holding her comfortably. And in an ecstasy against which he made not the slightest effort to battle, he rode through the settling darkness.

IT WAS, he gathered, about eleven o'clock when the car finally came to a halt. The last two or three hours had been close to torture. The car bumped incessantly over a corduroy road, and Meridew wondered that the girl had not awakened.

But she did awake as the machine definitely ceased its forward motion. She exclaimed in a voice that held a trace of panic.

"You're all right," said Meridew hastily. "This is Ken Meridew."

In the darkness he could see her eyes shine.

"Oh—where are we?" she asked.

"Ablestook," replied Treherne.

Meridew stared into the night. He could see the vague outlines of a building near by. Johnny Goodhue was already out of the car and was pounding on a door. As Meridew assisted the girl to descend from the machine a

(Continued on page 47)

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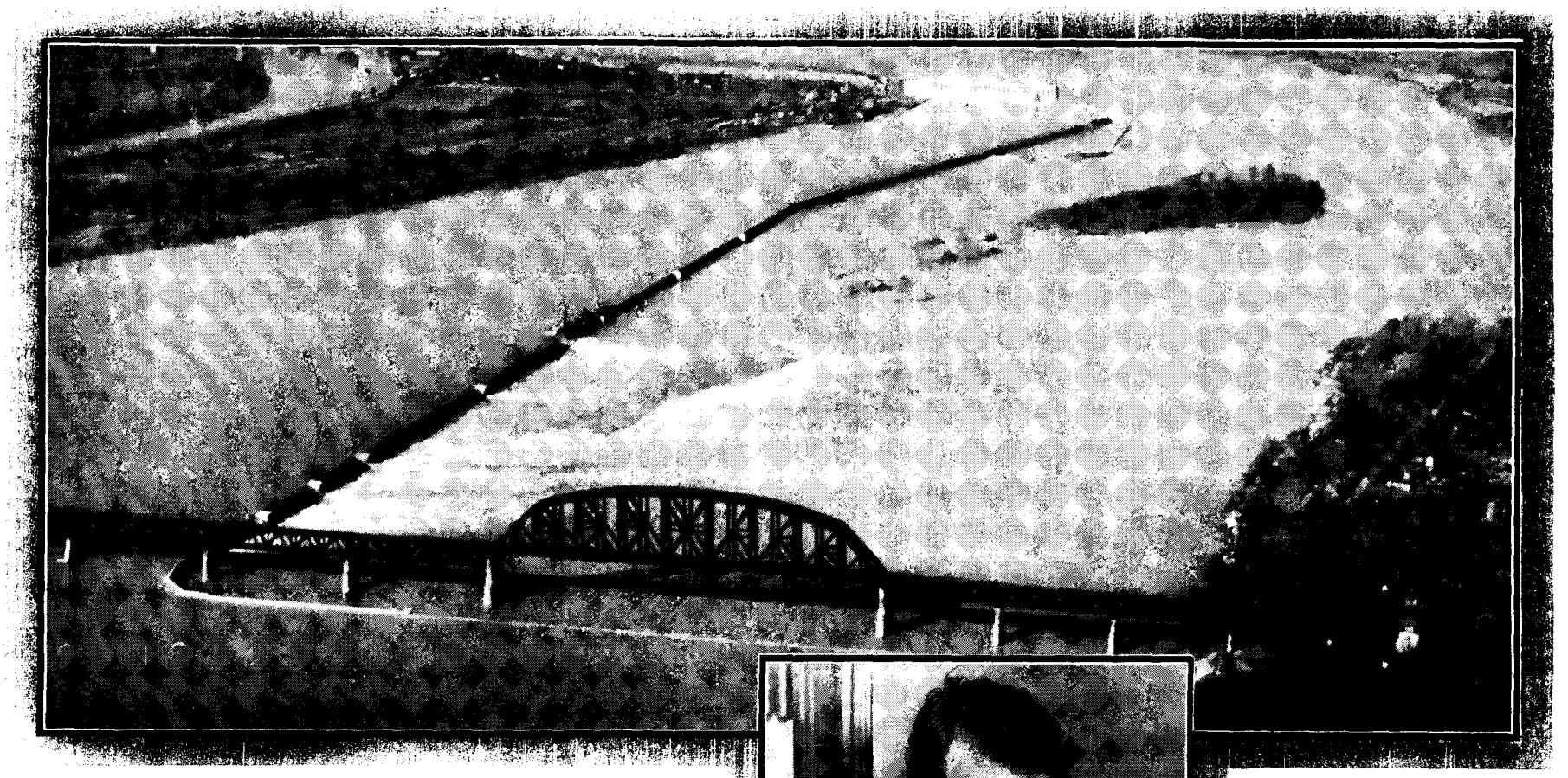
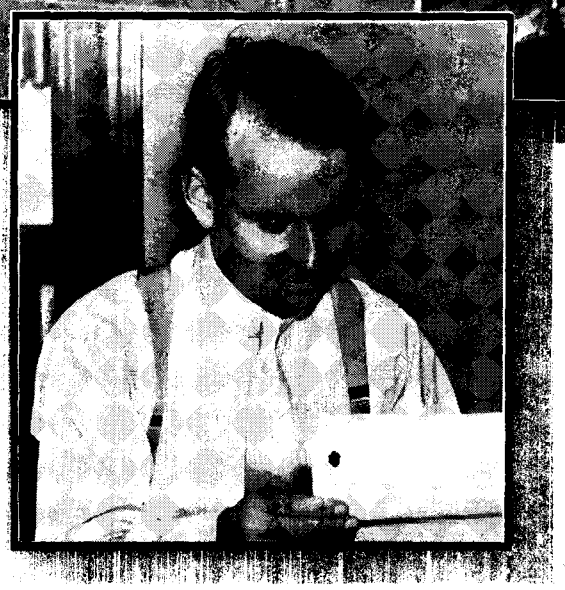


Above, the power development on the Ohio at New Albany, Indiana, the nucleus of the vast Midwest Utilities Company



Samuel Insull, Jr., who was closely associated with his famous father in power enterprises in the Middle West

His fortune once amounted to $170,000,000. His utilities empire embraced thirty-two states. Now both are gone. How could it happen? In this article, the third of a series, Mr. Flynn shows you how it could happen. He shows you how the empire and the fortune were put together and how Sam, the emperor, mounted his gaudy throne

By John T. Flynn

Up and Down with Sam Insull

ABOUT 1912 a certain cocoon burst in Chicago. Insull, the industrial grub, ceased to exist. From it Insull, the beautiful promoter butterfly, emerged, spread his wings and flew over the land. He flew to New Albany in southern Indiana. This is why he flew:

If you will look at an old encyclopedia, say around the turn of the century, for the little towns of Jeffersonville and New Albany, Indiana, you will note that they are described as being at or near the head of the Ohio Falls, "which afford good water power." The nation was not thinking much about water power in those days. But certain utility promoters were. So you may be sure Mr. Samuel Insull did not have to look into an encyclopedia to know that there was water power near the town of New Albany.

In those days hundreds of small electric light companies—and big ones too—were losing money in huge gobs. But Sam Insull was making money in Chicago. Insull had the secret. And so, many small proprietors visited his offices and proposed that he go in with them or take over their plants; that he give them the "laying-on of hands"—the Insull hands—and thus cure them of malignant deficits. About 1905 Insull heeded these tempting offers and cast his eyes in the direction of New Albany, near those Ohio Falls.

New Albany and its neighbor, Jeffersonville, were located on the Ohio opposite Louisville—two little towns with many factories. Insull took an interest in the electric light and power company there and set about building it up. Here his brother, Martin Insull, destined to play so unhappy a part in the catastrophe—enters the picture. He had been graduated in engineering from Cornell University and needed a job. His big brother Sam put him in charge at New Albany. Thus here, in this small utility in southern Indiana beside the Ohio River, was formed the first little province which was to expand into the vast Middle West Utilities empire, spreading its web over thirty-two states before it crashed around its founder's ears.

Having taken the New Albany and Jeffersonville companies he looked around for others with which to apply his theory of mass production. For several years his operations expanded. They devoured fresh funds—about $60,000 a year which Insull supplied from his slender means. The load became too heavy. His success in the suburban area around Chicago furnished him with a model, and so in 1912 he organized a corporation called the Middle West Utilities Company to which he turned over his Indiana holdings.

This Middle West Utilities Company was a holding company. A holding company is a corporation which is empowered to own the stocks of other corporations. It is usually applied to those corporations which exercise control over the companies whose stocks they hold. It may be employed for perfectly good and legitimate purposes. But it has been made the instrument of abuses so grave that it has now become a major issue in American finance and politics. My own belief is that it will soon become the greatest of all economic issues.

Balance-Sheet Magic

Insull did not invent the holding company. It began away back in 1832 in Maryland to enable the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to buy up the stocks of all the numerous little roads it needed to lengthen its system. It was used again in 1868 and 1870 when Pennsylvania went on a holding company spree. The legislature in two years set up forty holding companies. One was the Pennsylvania Company, belonging to the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is still in existence. Another was the South Improvement Company which old John D. Rockefeller used in his first attempt at monopoly in 1872. Another was the Union Company, the first utility holding company, known now by the name to which it changed in 1888—the United Gas Improvement Company. Most of the others were canceled as a result of scandals.

However, the device came into more general use in the nineties when New Jersey went into the charter-mongering business and invited all the big industrial monopolists to "come to Jersey." The Standard Oil Company was one of the first to use it in order to escape the operation of the Sherman anti-trust law and took advantage of it until the Supreme Court declared the practice illegal.

The real use of the holding company did not come until a little later. Men were learning the possibilities of the corporation as a means of making money, not merely out of the business which the corporation carried on, but out of its stocks. And so those promotion giants, John W. Gates and Henry H. Rogers and Thomas F. Ryan and the notorious "Gas" Addicks and Widener roamed the land, gathering up corpora-

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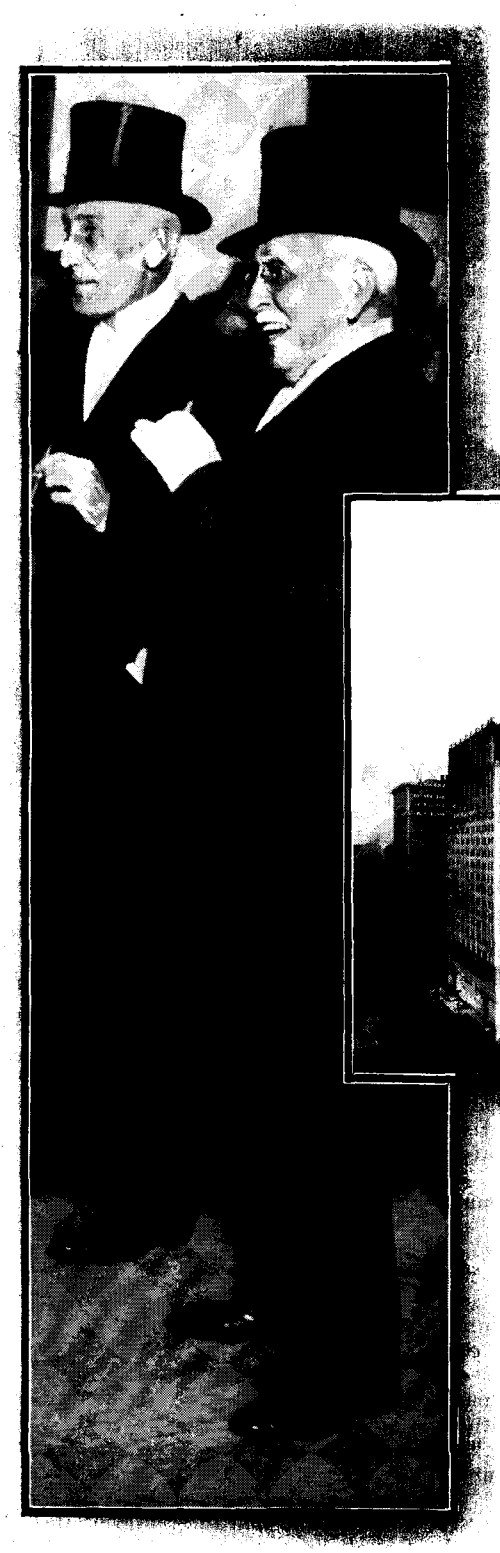
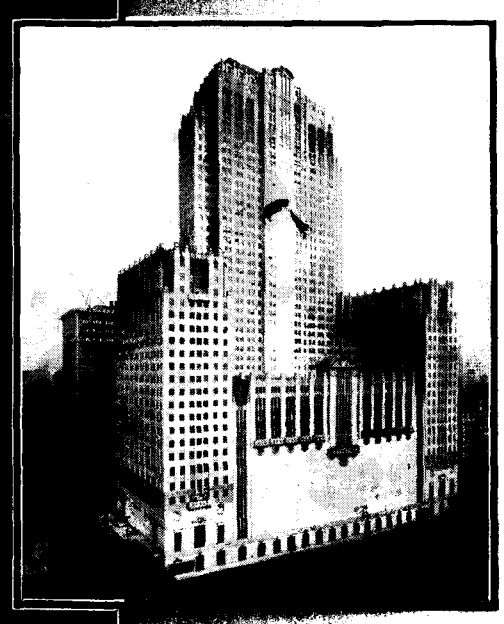
tions of all sorts, putting them together by means of the holding company, and rolling in wealth through the amazing stock manipulations thus made possible.

In the early years of the century, just as Insull was looking with hungry eyes toward southern Indiana, remarkable groups of men were beginning to use the holding company to create large utility consolidations. There were Sidney Mitchell and H. M. Byllesby, both of whom had worked with Insull in the early days of Thomas Edison. Mitchell was building the immense Electric Bond and Share Company and Byllesby was developing his own system. There were other small promoters like Albert Emanuel, for instance, in Kansas. All were experimenting with the holding company as a means of uniting widely separated utility corporations in different cities and states. Thus this movement got under way. So in 1912, when Insull organized his little Middle West Utilities Company, these other concerns were extending their operations rapidly. He knew these men well and he had a model ready at hand for his guidance.

In the moment of its birth, Insull delivered to the Middle West Company a wound—a wound which would be repeated many times. Let us look at Insull delivering this wound. You, trusting reader, do not like bookkeeping. You hate corporation balance sheets and statements. Perhaps you often say that you simply cannot be bored with them. Well, your dislike of these dull things is well known to the able and astute men who sell you stocks. And it is possible to do some very wonderful tricks with books and ledgers and balance sheets. So if you will just forget your hatred of bookkeeping for a minute, we can look at Mr. Insull as he pulls five million dollars out of a hat, as neatly as a magician extracts a rabbit. Now watch—and remember that the hand is quicker than the eye; the promoter is quicker than the sap.





Above, "Insull's Armchair," the $20,000,000 building which houses the Chicago Civic Opera

Samuel Insull (right), at the peak of his power, with Stanley Field at the opening of the Chicago Opera House in 1929

Millions Created on Paper

Sam Insull, individual—and very rugged too—owns stocks in three or four small utility companies. Sam Insull, individual, organizes a corporation—a holding company—called the Middle West. Insull is made its president. Up to this point the Middle West has nothing.

Now Sam Insull, individual, sells to Middle West, represented by Sam Insull, president, his stocks in those little companies. Insull, president, agrees to pay Insull, individual, $330,000 for them. But the Middle West has no money. So Insull, president, tells Insull, individual, that Middle West will pay him when it gets the money.

The next step then is to get the money. Now watch closely. Middle West issues stock. It issues four million dollars of preferred and six million dollars of common. That makes ten million dollars. Samuel Insull, president of Middle West, thereupon sells the whole issue to Sam Insull, individual, for $3,600,000. But Sam has no money either. So he tells Middle West he will pay it when he gets the money.

The next step is for Sam to get the money. He now sells to the public all of the preferred stock—$4,000,000 of it—for $3,600,000. To make the bargain better he throws in a million of the common. Remember, he has six million of that. Now he has $3,600,000 in cash and five million dollars' worth of common stock left.

He turns over the $3,600,000 cash to Middle West, which pays for the 10,000,000 shares he had bought. Middle West can now pay him the $330,000 it owes him. When it is all over things stand thus:

Middle West has Insull's utility stocks—$330,000 worth.

It has the balance of the $3,600,000 cash.

What is humorously referred to as the "public" has all the preferred stock and a million dollars of the common, for which it paid $3,600,000.

Insull has the remaining five million dollars of the common stock, which gives him control of the company and for which he did not pay a red cent. Presto, the trick is done.

Here I must trouble you with one more little trick in bookkeeping. Of course, a promoter offering stock to the public must, ordinarily, show that the company has assets behind the stock. In the operation described above it is apparent there were no real assets to support $10,000,000 of stock. How did Insull show assets? He created them. Very simple! Just call the bookkeeper. The new Middle West Company had as its assets Insull's promise to pay $3,600,000. It also had the securities it bought from him worth $330,000. It needed $6,000,000 more to make up the $10,000,000. Among the securities Insull had transferred to it for $330,000 were several small options to buy other companies. Insull merely arbitrarily put these down as worth $6,000,000. This is called "writing up" assets. And this practice Insull continued to use until the end of his career.

Mr. Samuel Insull, who performed this little trick, thought to himself that a man was a fool to work for twenty years as he had done, running a tremendous Chicago utility company, for a moderate salary when he could get rich in a few months in this sort of business. Henceforth, Samuel Insull became a promoter. And he would go on expanding the Middle West Utility Company on this pattern until he was worth $170,000,000.

Sound Business Unsoundly Financed

And thus the Middle West started—a small affair with 600 miles of lines serving 140 small towns in Indiana. It is impossible to follow the whole long, twisting trail, the passing of stocks back and forth, the intricate financing and exchanging of different classes of stock. One little story will suffice:

The Middle West acquired the Central Illinois Public Service Company by buying its common stock. After this the Middle West turned over to the Central a number of small utility properties which it owned in Illinois. Now watch the magician again at work, pulling millions out of the hat.

The Middle West gave to the Central the various small utility companies, which it valued at a little over two million dollars. It gave also a little over $400,000 in cash to help the Central. Altogether it gave a little more than $2,400,000 in property and cash. What did it get in return? The Central gave to the Middle West its own bonds, preferred stocks and common stocks as follows: bonds, $3,000,000; stocks, $4,689,000.

The Middle West then sold the bonds for enough to reimburse it for the $2,400,000 it gave the Central. It had left for itself, without a cent of cost, $4,689,000 worth of stock. Thus the wild game went on. But you, my dear reader, did not see all this because you don't like bookkeeping.

It must be said for Insull that while he thus built unsoundly—financially—he built well physically. Little by little, he added other utility companies in the Mississippi Valley to the Middle West. He modernized their equipment, applied his principle of mass production, dismantled their old plants and put up new ones.

Up to this Insull continued a very little-known figure in Chicago. He was not a colorful man. He was not the sort of man that stories and anecdotes cluster around. He was a ceaseless worker. He took a grim pride in getting to his office so early that his desk was practically cleared before the rest of the office appeared. And he didn't mind calling attention to his performances before his subordinates. He was not a pleasant man. He had an unpleasant smile. He was brusque, ruthless with his staff. He made no allowances for deficiencies.

Blowing the Insull Horn

A lot of people used to refer to him as a "damned Englishman." He never got over being an Englishman. In later years he professed an intense Americanism. But at this time he made no concealment of his violent preference for all things English. He reminded Chicago bankers that he had been obliged to go to England to get financing for his utilities. He loved to visit London. He loved to stroll around its old streets. He avowed that he was always ready to give a job to an Englishman, particularly if he spoke with a cockney accent.

He had been elected president of the National Electric Light Association but he had refused at first to join the Edison pioneers. Indeed, he sneered at the organization. He was a self-righteous man. He was well satisfied with everything he did. He suspected a little that his boastfulness was noticed. He made countless speeches telling of his own work. He remarked many times that he supposed people noticed that he was always "blowing his own horn." In Chicago he preached that the man to own the utility of a city was the man who used it. Customer ownership had been invented, and he promptly adopted it in Chicago to raise funds there for the Commonwealth Edison. But now that he was down in Indiana and Illinois and neighboring states, buying up other people's utilities, operators and cities criticized him. But the criticism didn't bother him. "Go into the holding company business on your own account," he shot back at them. "If you would use your opportunities at home there would be more properties in the central states owned at home than there are now."

When 1917 arrived—and the war with it—Insull's Middle West Company was operating in eleven states. It served 385 communities, 228 of them in Illinois, some as far south as Oklahoma and as far east as New England. The Middle West, a holding company, had come to own other holding companies, some of them quite large, like the Illinois Northern Utilities owning in turn twenty-eight companies, or the Kentucky Utilities Company, controlling nineteen companies. The Insull domain was getting larger and more complicated.

Now came another turning point in Insull's career. There had been many such points—once when he chanced into Edison's service; next when he went to Chicago, and again when he moved into

(Continued on page 41)

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Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE shadow of Thunder Mountain, deep in the wild Saw Tooth Range, three brothers—Sam, Jake and Kalispel Emerson—strike gold. Leaving Sam to guard the claim, Jake starts for Boise, to seek financial backing, while Kalispel goes to Salmon, a mining town, for supplies. Two weeks later—accompanied by Blair, an Easterner, and his charming daughter Sydney—Kalispel returns. A "rush" is on; Sam has disappeared; one Rand Leavitt has "jumped" the Emerson claim!

Determined to find Sam's murderer, Kalispel remains in the gold diggings, which is named Thunder City. Sydney Blair, whom he loves, turns against him; she is, it appears, infatuated with Leavitt! Informed by Leavitt that Kalispel is having an affair with "Nugget," a dance-hall girl, she believes him. . . . Months pass. Jake returns. Kalispel makes many enemies—notably Cliff Borden whose dance hall Kalispel induces Nugget to leave, in order to marry Dick Sloan, who really loves her.

Leavitt, Kal learns, is an utterly conscienceless scoundrel. He is leader of a trio of bandits operating in the valley; he has had one of his hirelings killed for "talking too much:" he has sold Blair worthless mining claims. Kal is determined to kill him.

Nugget calls on Sydney, tells her the truth about Leavitt—exposes him mercilessly. When she leaves, Sydney goes to Kalispel's cabin. What she tells him amazes Kalispel. The girl loves him! Kalispel, however, bitter and believing she is not for him, ignores her plea.

Learning where Leavitt has hidden Blair's wallet, Kalispel steals it—returns it to Blair. After which he meets Sheriff Masters and challenges that enigmatic gentleman to show his hand.

Jake was stirring around a camp fire outside the cabin. "A girl!" he

IX

WAL, I'll do that," Sheriff Masters replied. "I'd stack yore friendship against the enmity of Borden an' Leavitt any day. They're the men buckin' me heah."

"Straight talk from a Texan," returned Kalispel. "Shore you've heard this low-down hint about me bein' a bandit?"

"Yes. I've been asked to arrest you."

"Wal, I reckon if you go hobnobbin' all over town with me it'll offset that talk."

"Yes, an' raise a hell of a lot more. But I'll do it."

"All right. Now what's this vigilante deal?"

"Wal, it's the queerest deal I ever stacked up against," declared the Texan, dragging at his mustache. "I proposed to elect a vigilante committee. Judge Leavitt overruled me an' appointed the men himself."

"Has he already done it?"

"Shore. This mawnin'."

"How many?"

"I don't know. He didn't say. Borden, who I had in heah pumpin', didn't know either. An' he didn't care a damn. He's out with Leavitt."

"Take a hunch from me, Masters," rejoined Kalispel, imperatively. "Appoint another vigilante committee from the miners you know an' do it pronto."

"Youngster, I hadn't thought of thet. You got the jump on me. . . . What you drivin' at?"

"Masters, I'm not ready to come clean yet with all I know."

"Wal, you've made one thing damn' plain," declared the sheriff, gravely. "If I cain't trust Leavitt's vigilante committee, I cain't trust Judge Rand Leavitt."

"Take it as you like," said Kalispel, coolly. "Come out now an' make good your friendliness for me."

"Son, I'll do thet little thing with genuine pleasure."

They went out together, and Kalispel was about to lead his companion up the street when a young, heavy-booted miner halted to accost him.

"Ha, Emerson—hyar you—are," he panted. He was livid of face and sweating. Kalispel recognized one of Sloan's friends and sensed calamity.

"What's come off?"

"Sloan! He's been beat—and knifed. Bad shape—I'm awful worried. . . . Nugget sent me. I—run all—way to your cabin. Come."

"Holy—!" Kalispel leaped as one under the lash. "Masters, trail in on this. . . ."

They had almost to run to keep up with the young miner, whose incoherent tongue worked as fast as his legs.

"Get yore breath—an' then talk," suggested the Texan, brusquely.

BY THE time they reached the log bridge over the stream the miner had recovered sufficiently to be understood.

"I got it—this way," he said. "Sloan had a new claim—over in the brush. He laid off workin' it—an' this mornin' when he went there—it had been jumped by three men. Argument ended in a fight. Sloan was hurt serious. He crawled till he got help. They took him home—did all that was possible for him. But we reckon he'll cash from the lung stab alone."

"Ah-huh," breathed Kalispel, as if a weight were on his chest.

"Did Sloan recognize his assailants?" asked the practical Masters.

"I didn't hear thet."

They turned up the trail which ran between the tents and cabins and the stream. A knot of miners stood outside Sloan's cabin.

"You go in, Emerson," said the sheriff. "I'll talk to these men heah."

Kalispel entered. Besides Nugget, and Sloan, who lay on the bed, there were two others present, a neighbor miner whom Kalispel knew by sight, and a serious-faced woman, evidently the miner's wife.

"Kal! It took you so long," said Nugget. "He wanted you so badly. And he's sinking now."

"I'm shore sorry," replied Kalispel, not wanting to face her then. "I was downtown."

He approached the bed. Sloan lay dressed, except for his boots, and his boyish face was ghastly of hue. Kalispel had seen the shade of death too many times not to recognize it here. But prepared as he was for the worst, the actual presence of fatality, the pity of it, the raw evil, sent the freezing cold to his marrow.

"Pard," whispered Sloan, faintly. "Ruth—will—tell you."

Kalispel took the boy's limp, clammy hand.

"Dick, it shore breaks my heart to see you this way," returned Kalispel, huskily. "But don't give up. You might pull through."

Sloan's singularly intense blue eyes appeared to burn with a desire not for himself. Kalispel found them shockingly sad to gaze into.

"Kal, would it be—askin' too much for you—to take care of Ruth?"

"It shore would not."

"She has no—other friend. . . . You saved her. . . ."

"I'll take care of her, Dick," interrupted Kalispel, squeezing the cold hand.

"Thanks, pard," Sloan said, more clearly, with passionate gratitude. "Thet was makin'—me hold on. . . ."

"Don't talk. Only give me a hunch. You told Ruth all you know?"

"Yes," replied Sloan, appearing to rally, as he reached weakly for the girl. Quickly she took his hand in hers and, kneeling, pressed it to her breast. "Ruth—thet horrible fear—is gone. . . . Kal will look after you. . . . Some day—"

"Dick, I would never have gone back," she interposed, softly. "You must not talk so much. It'd bring on another hemorrhage. . . . Rest, and fight the thing, Dick. While there's life there's hope."

HE SMILED faintly, as one who knew and was relieved, and closed his eyes wearily. A trace of blood appeared at the corner of his mouth. Ruth wiped it away. He lay still, breathing slowly.

After a few moments, Ruth released his hand and stood up. Kalispel found that Dick had let go of him. Then Kalispel drew the girl away. At that juncture Masters entered and went up to Sloan's bed to gaze silently down, shaking his lean head. He turned then to whisper:

"We cain't do nothin'. Shore you got his deposition?"

"Ruth did. Masters, you take these folks out an' leave me alone with her."

When the Texan had complied, Kalispel turned to Ruth. She was pale, but composed and, outside of a hunted expression in her blue eyes, betrayed no other marked evidence of emotion. As he looked down upon her, however, she took hold of his gun sheath and clung to it, a wholly unconscious action.

"Nug—Ruth, are you up to talkin' now?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes."

"Who do you think is back of it?"

"Borden."

"Why?"

"Two days straight running he has been here. Last time I had to fight to keep him from packing me off. I kicked and bit and screamed. He went out to run into our neighbors, who'd heard me. When I heard him lie to them I went out, too, and told the truth. Called him I don't know what, right before them.

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Harold Von Schmidt

exclaimed. "Shut up," Kalispel ordered, "and light the lamp in the cabin"

Then he left, white with rage. . . . I *know* he is behind this attack on poor Dick."

"Yet he might not be."

"I feel it. A woman *never* makes a mistake when she feels that way."

"I feel it, too. But, Ruth, we must have facts. These miners are in an ugly mood. Did you know Leavitt has organized a vigilante band of his own, with himself as leader?"

"No. I hadn't heard."

"Wal, it's true. An' it's bad news. I reckoned he an' Borden had split. But so far as I'm concerned he'd take Borden's side. I must have facts."

"Kal, I have facts as to Dick's assailants, but I can't connect Borden with them."

"Uh-huh. All right, you might as well tell me now."

"DICK left early this morning," she began, swiftly and intelligently, "to work his new claim. He hired Presbry, a neighbor miner, to work this claim here on shares. It is about panned out. Dick's new claim is way across the valley, up high, among the rocks and brush. I've been there. It is hard to get to. . . . Well, I don't know how long ago—two hours, maybe—men came packing Dick in here, all bloody and dirty, terrible to see. He had been stabbed in the back and beaten over the head. While we worked over him as best we could he talked. . . . He found that his new claim had been jumped. There were three men, one of them digging. Dick had seen him before, but did not know him. They seemed friendly at first, as if he ought to take for granted that they had a right to jump his claim. But as Dick had visited that claim every day he did not agree with them. They argued. And finally Dick got sore. He jumped in the hole to throw the man out.

"Then began a fight, in which the other men joined. In the scuffle one of them called out: 'Don't shoot! You might hit Mac!' . . . This man in the hole then was the one named Mac. Dick said he had a stubby red beard and a bloody patch pasted over a recent wound just over his ear. One of the two above stabbed Dick in the back. The blade went clear through in front. Then they beat him over the head. When Dick came to he was alone. They had no doubt left him for dead. He walked and crawled down within call of the miners who carried him home—and that's all, I think."

"Did they rob him?"

"Oh, I forgot. Yes, his watch, gun, money, everything was taken. And his pockets turned inside out."

"Pretty slick. Robbery motive, eh? Wal, we know enough. Ruth, that fellow Mac is one of Leavitt's trusted guards. An' *I* made that wound on his head. . . . Why in hell didn't I kill him while I was about it?"

"Let him go, Kal. . . . Let them all go!" she begged, suddenly changing from the calm, cold girl who had related Sloan's story. Her eyes turned a darker, stranger blue. Nervous hands pulled at the lapels of Kalispel's vest.

"Ruth, you ask that?" he queried, in surprise.

"Yes." She paused. Then—"I *implore it!*"

"I reckoned you knew me," said Kalispel.

"I do," Ruth said earnestly. "But it's too late to save Dick. And even if you *are* Kalispel Emerson you might get killed."

"Shore. Only that's not the way to meet this situation. If I showed yellow I'd stand a heap more chance of cashin' in. Besides, Borden would get you shore."

"Not alive!" she flashed.

"Ah-huh. There you're admittin' the weakness of your argument to let these skunks off. Can't you see that, girl?"

"We could leave Thunder City as soon—as—" she faltered. "Kal, can't *you* see something, too?"

"I see a lot, Ruth. An' the biggest thing is for me to go on the rampage. Borden an' Leavitt are white-livered. An' their men are not the real stuff. They shoot in the dark an' knife in the back. I'm goin' to wipe out some of them an' scare the rest of them stiffer'n a crowbar. That, with the proofs I have, will wake up these miners. Masters is on our side. He's a crafty Texan, an' he shore smells a rat."

"Oh, Kal—suppose—" she choked, and after one terrible glance into his face she sank against him, quivering.

KALISPEL held her, suddenly troubled with the memory of Sydney's statement about this girl. That was scarcely credible. Yet . . . Ruth drew away from him. To his surprise and admiration, all trace of weakness had vanished. She was of different caliber from Sydney Blair, not built of the same stuff.

"You know best, Kal," she said, with composure. "It is not for me to try to stay your hand. . . . Go—and don't worry about me."

"That's the way to talk, Ruth," he rejoined, hiding his own feeling. "Looks like Dick is unconscious. Reckon he won't come to again. An' that's just as well, seein' he's done for. . . . Ruth, don't worry now about me."

"I'd hate to be in Borden's boots," she replied, lightly, and went to Sloan's bedside.

Kalispel strode out slowly, gazing back at Ruth. There was a girl who understood a man. Once out of the door, he was himself again. Masters stood outside, talking to the couple. The crowd, except for a few groups, had dispersed.

"Folks, go inside an' stay with Ruth," begged Kalispel. "Masters, you come with me."

They had crossed the bridge and reached the main street when the Texan broke the strained silence:

"Youngster, you're aimin' to play a lone hand?"

"I reckon."

"Wal, I calculate I'll back you up," returned the other, deliberately.

"Masters, I'd be most damned glad to have you line up with me on this deal," said Kalispel, forcefully, as he gratefully squeezed the sheriff's arm. "But if I got in deep an' dragged you in, why, you might not be left to look after your friends. An' believe me, if we got bored, they'd shore need it."

"Emerson, you're hintin' at a Henry Plummer outfit. An' I reckon thet's far-fetched. Neither Leavitt nor Borden air Plummer's caliber. An' the rest of this gang air four-flushers."

"My idea, too. But this gang may be bigger than I've figured."

"No matter. Without leaders they'd wilt like yellow paper in a blaze. I've sized up every man in this camp. An' you're the only hombre heah I'd be leery of. It wasn't because I was afraid for you thet I offered to back you."

"Fine. That's like a stiff drink, which I needed. The only thing I'm leery about is bein' picked from some door or window."

"Wal, thet's not liable to happen if I hang close to you. At the same time it'll show this outfit thet there's something damned onsartin' in the wind."

THEY had halted just short of the corner to conclude this conversation.

"Look for a stocky man with a stubby red beard an' a bloody patch over his ear. . . . An' let me see. It'd be his right ear, thet's shore."

"Must have put thet patch there yoreself," was the deduction of the shrewd sheriff.

"They call him Mac," said Kalispel. "I can't describe him more'n that. But I'll shore know his shape when I spot him again."

In the town there was no indication that the killing of Sloan had become the latest news. But talking and walking miners, and other inhabitants of Thunder City, were not slow to take cognizance of Bruce Masters and Kalispel stalking up the street.

"Hey," called one excited observer, "looks like Sheriff Masters has arrested thet gunman."

"Not to me, it doesn't," replied another.

They entered the Dead Eye saloon. It was blue with smoke and noisy with voices.

"Say, crowd," shouted Kalispel, piercingly, and when the hum ceased and all faces turned, he continued: "I'm lookin' hard for a man with a stubby red beard an' a patch over his right ear where he got slugged recently. He answers to the name of Mac."

Every man present, even the card players, looked at his neighbors. Then a bartender set down a tray of glasses with a nervous clang.

"Boss, nobody in hyar who answers to thet," he called.

Kalispel led the way out, and he heard the buzz that arose behind him.

"Reminds me of bein' in Texas," drawled Masters, with a chuckle.

"What does?"

"Why, you, boy."

Kalispel merely glanced into the stores. But he went into the Gold Dust saloon, the Elk, the Bonanza, the Thunder Boom, all the resorts on the right side of the street, in each of which he interrupted gayety to spread silence and consternation. But he did not find his man. By this time a crowd followed at a respectful distance, and the whole tenor of the main street had changed as if by magic.

"Wal, Kalispel," said the Texan, as they crossed the street at the extreme east end of town, "nobody figgerin' now

(Continued on page 36)

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How They Manage it

The executive housekeeper of a big hotel can't run her business like a ouija board, waiting for the spirit to move. She has to stick to schedule and budget, a system which Mrs. Stuart heartily recommends to the amateur, along with other hints on managing a house—and the family

By Betty Thornley Stuart

IF a red pin were stuck into the map for every man who thinks his wife spends too much on running the house, and a blue pin were added for every woman who's sure her husband doesn't give her enough to run the house on—there'd be precious little exposed surface. Even when nothing is said about it, buried convictions rankle and shoot up into all sorts of irrelevant misunderstandings. Or result in a martyr complex that ought to be spanked.

Let's begin by being frank. The fault is at the woman's door, almost every time. Because, right or wrong, she's never taken the trouble to learn how to state her case other than emotionally. And men hate emotion when applied to figures.

But there is one kind of American male who is satisfied. If not, he doesn't wait to divorce his teammate; he just fires her and gets another. To him, a house isn't only outgo but income. The lady in charge isn't his wife but his executive housekeeper. He's a hotel man.

Time was when Mrs. Mary Holt herself worked six years with needle and thread before the famous "Holt's" opened in New York in 1833. She made 1,500 towels, 400 pairs of sheets with matching pillowcases all "ruffled and pointed" by her own fair hands, 250 bedticks and 300 patchwork quilts, some of them of pieces no larger than a fifty-cent piece. But such legendary figures went out when the sewing machine and the inner-spring mattress came in. Today, instead of the 225 beds at that handmade hostelry, we have hotels anywhere up to 4,000 rooms. And executive housekeepers are big business women in their own right.

"What's wrong with the average nonprofessional housekeeper?" we asked Miss Margaret Barnes, of the Roosevelt, first president of the National Executive Housekeepers' Association. "Why does she make such heavy weather of her little job? Or, when she does it well, why isn't she better appreciated?"

"Budget and schedule," said Miss Barnes laconically, "or maybe schedule and budget."

When asked to enlarge, Miss Barnes waxed eloquent. Her own budget runs anywhere from $150,000 to $200,000 a year, and she gets it okayed in one fell swoop. She arrives before her board with every requirement for the year set down: So many yards of carpet, furniture covering, drapery fabric, interlining, fringe, necessary for such and such rooms—so many lamps, lampshades, yards of cord—so many rooms painted—such and such new pieces to keep her house up to date—so-and-so many dollars over for acts of God or man that can't be anticipated. When she leaves the room, she has her money if she's proved her case. Afterward—not a cent.

Making Housekeeping a Science

Miss Barnes' hotel is full at 3,000 guests, but Mrs. Mazarin at the New Yorker has room for even more. She showed us the reason she's sure of her job-cost sheets, not only presenting minimum expenditure for maximum results, but presenting it in a way that commands masculine respect. As a sidelight on her forehandedness she has linen for three years, bought at the bottom of the market. Every so often she retires part of it to the shelves and brings out fresh. You can add at least twenty-five per cent to its life by letting it "rest" in this way, she says.

Miss Barnes has a cost-and-renovation card for every piece of furniture in the Roosevelt, showing when it was done over, what was charged, how many hours, yards of material, gimp, etc.—which piece was entirely recovered and which got off with arms only. She doesn't have to guess that it's worn well, per dollar invested, compared to a similar piece in another fabric. She knows the truth, for or against.

Miss Barnes has 231 people under her, including upholsterers, paper hangers, painters, polishers, carpet layers, linen seamstresses, upholstery seamstresses, chambermaids, parlor maids, bath maids and cleaners. Mrs. Mazarin's help numbers 325. If either of these ladies hadn't a time schedule worked out to the *n*th degree, the Roosevelt would look like a bargain sale and the New Yorker like a full-fledged circus. Our foremothers used to have such schedules in their own homes, but their daughters have rather neglected them as old-fashioned.

"A housekeeper's job," as one of the most successful of the sisterhood remarked, "is about ten per cent organizing, ten per cent training others to carry out your instructions, and eighty per cent follow-up to see that things are done right, and done so each time."

"The first thing I show a new girl is how to make a bed," Miss Barnes said. "It's my own private intelligence test. I don't expect her to know before she's shown; not one woman in a hundred can do this simplest bit of housework as it should be done unless she's been taught. But I watch her to see how she reacts to the instruction.

"My pupils seem to fall into three classes: The A-1 girl with brains says, 'Say, that looks grand! I thought I could make a bed, but this beats anything I ever did.' Ten to one she'll be a parlor maid before the year's out.

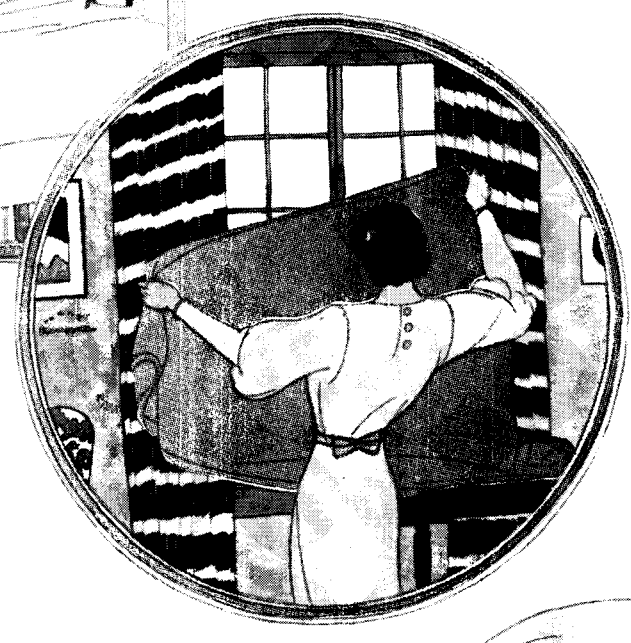
"The B-1 girl, without brains but with a good spirit, probably says nothing beyond, 'Yes'm.' Soon she can make a beautiful bed, but that's her limit. She's a steady, wheelhorse type, very valuable in her own way, but she won't rise.

"The girl I don't want turns sulky. She gets out right there."

But no woman's housekeeping job ends, or even begins, with learning how to manage her help. She has to manage her family, and do it without friction. In a hotel, the family are the guests—which, by the way, isn't such a bad idea to keep in mind for one's own home.

There's the untidy guest. Miss Barnes says in her experience this rather trying animal is more apt to be a woman than a man, which may or may not be the case with those we have to consider. Man, says Miss Barnes, is a creature of habit. Having been frequently adjured to hang up his clothes, put his slippers under the bed, stand in the tub to apply bath powder, and wipe his shoes on the tissue

(Cont'd on page 43)



The shopper up top is rubbing that sheet to find whether it is weighted. Below we see a maid's intelligence test in progress—bedmaking is not so simple. The pillow on the left is being properly fluffed

The lady in the circle is sure the cold won't come through her blanket since the light doesn't. On the right precautions are being taken against loose carpets, which wear out quickly

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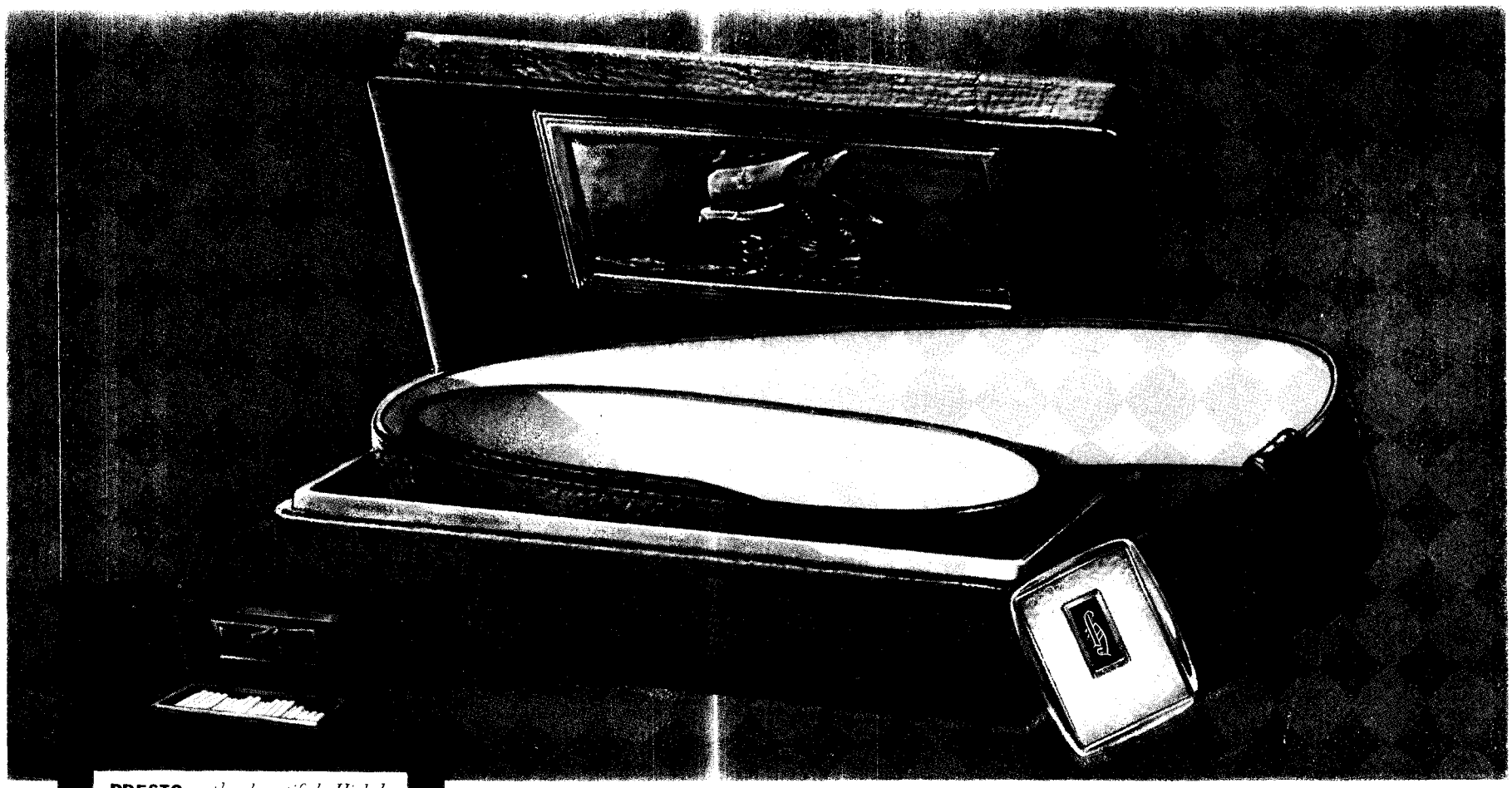

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At the bottom left—Belt of genuine calfskin, suede lined; heavy harness-stitching insures long wear. Buckle of sterling silver, modernistic design. Box of genuine Bakelite. Price of Belt Set and box complete **$3.00**

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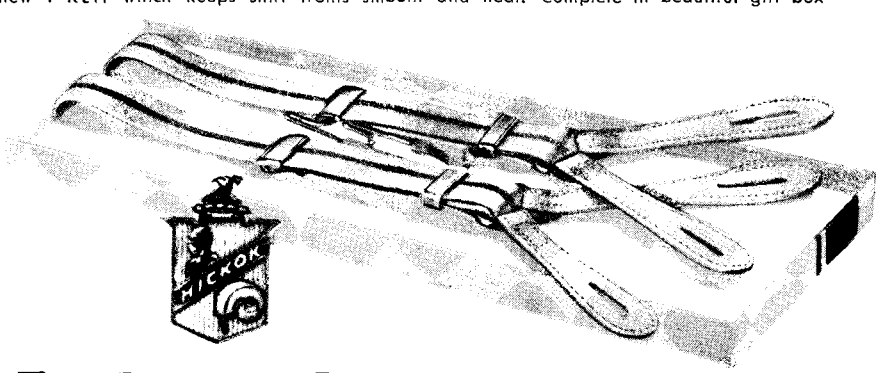

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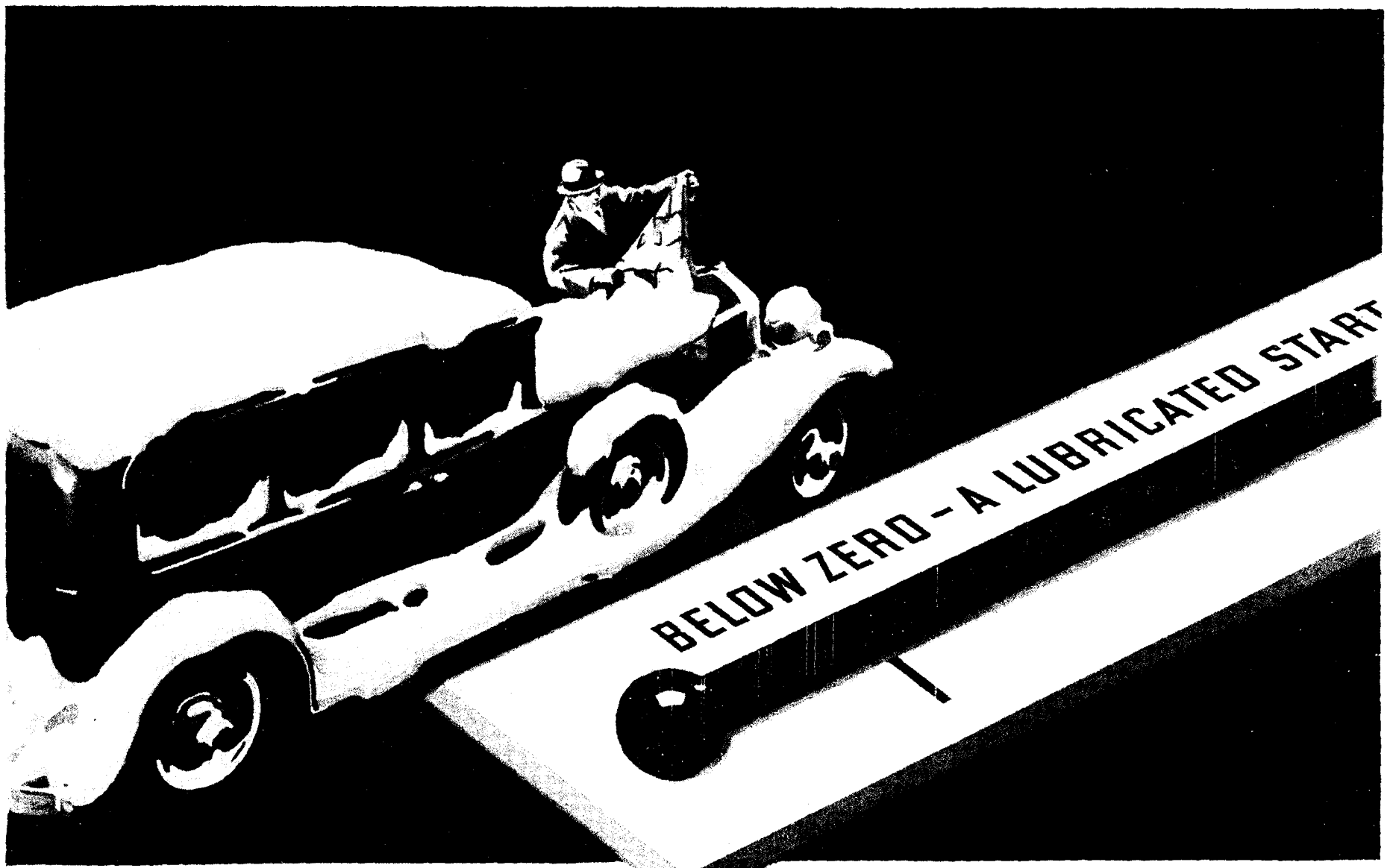

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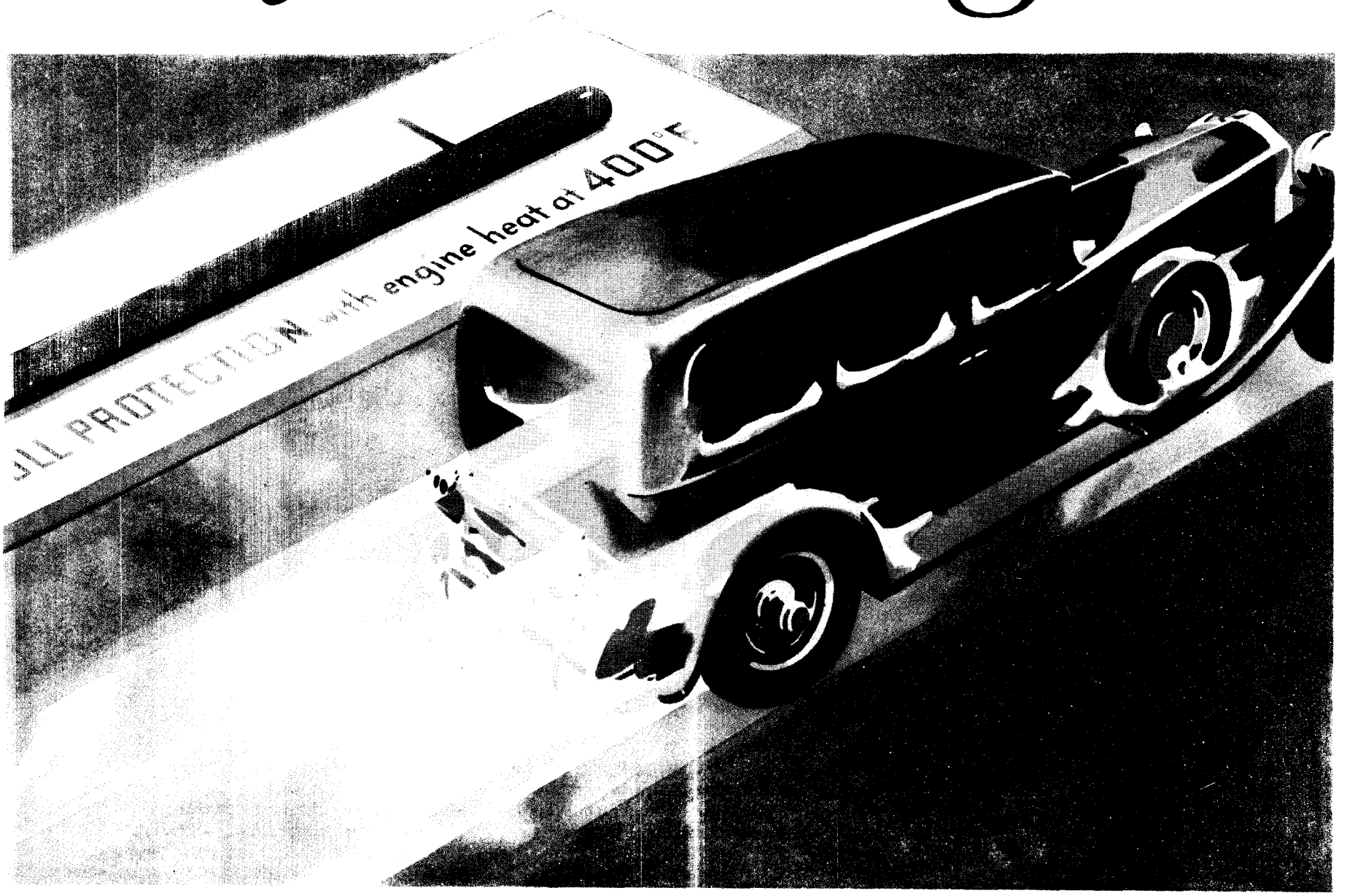

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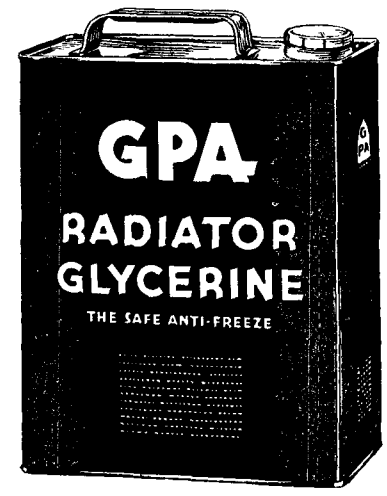

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"Your sister claims she found him in the bulrushes, but I notice he's been brought up to call you Uncle" *Ray Rohn*

The Limber Intellect

By Don Marquis

THE trouble with this here country—" began the Old Soak.

But I interrupted him.

"If you don't mind," I said, "I've listened to a great deal of oration, the last few years, which started out just that way."

"The trouble is," persisted Mr. Hawley, "we ain't had the brand of statesmanship the last ten or twelve years we used to have in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Constitution and the peetryarchs of the republic.

"And why ain't we? Because, in the old days, a statesman never thought of makin' a public remark until he had limbered up his elements with the right kind of liquor. When George Washington says to give him liberty or give him death, and Dan'l Webster orates to the effect that all men is born free and equal and Abr'am Lincoln comes out flat-footed to abolish taxes and take Texas away from the Mexicans, and Thomas Jefferson says he's gonna wipe out labor troubles if he's gotta wipe out labor along with 'em, them statesmen was limbered up in their intellects and elements, and peace and prosperity flowed through America like milk and honey through the Land of Canaan.

"GO WAY back afore there was any U. S. A. and you'll find the same thing; go clear back to the early days of the world. There was Solomon, for instance. He had a thousand wives and nobody knows how many private secretaries to take down his adverbs and proverbs, and all of 'em put together couldn't keep him from limberin' up his elements when he felt the need of it. What was the result? To this day he is a byword for statesmanship and wisecracking.

"And then there was that Faro who led the Children of Israel out of Egypt. He wanted to get rid of 'em, but he couldn't make 'em go, on account of the fact they liked the flesh pots so well.

"One day he's settin' on his throne, thinkin' his troubles over, and he calls to his port cullis, who was the feller that mixed the royal drinks, to bring him a shot of the pre-war stuff, and he says bring in the Head Child of Israel.

"'You gotta make them bricks without straw after this, Head Child,' he says.

"'What we gonna put into 'em, Your Majesty?' asks the Head Child.

"'Bite off your finger nails and spit 'em into the mortar, for all I care,' says the Faro. 'Or put them long beards of yourn into the concrete mixer; I'm gettin' sick of seein' 'em floatin' all over the Egyptian landscape anyhow.'

"'Them is hard words, Your Majesty,' says the Head Child of Israel.

"'If you don't like it,' says the Faro, whose name was Nebbykeneezer, 'you can leave Egypt any time. Go back where you come from.'

"'Well, just for the sake of argument, here we are, Your Majesty, and here we stay,' says the Head Child of Israel.

"'Who's runnin' Egypt, me or you Children of Israel?' asks Nebbykeneezer.

"THERE'S a feller by the name of Moses comes pretty near runnin' Egypt,' butts in the port cullis. 'Your sister claims she found him in the bulrushes, but I notice he's been brought up to call you Uncle.' Nebbykeneezer would of nicked his bean right then and there, if he hadn't knowed how to mix drinks better'n anybody in Egypt.

"'Then what?' asks Nebbykeneezer.

"'Well,' says the port cullis, 'if you was to make this Moses umpire and king of some furrin land, and tell him and the Children of Israel to go and inhabit it, there you are. Faint heart,' says the port cullis, 'ne'er won fair lady.'

"SO THE Faro and the port cullis puts their heads together, and makes this Moses king of all the lands on the other side of the Red Sea, and the Children of Israel make a rush away from Egypt, and when the Red Sea seen 'em comin' it just naturally got out of the way, and they passed into the Promised Land dry shod, which was one of the Seven Wonders of the World.

"Statesmanship like that ain't figgered out by no teetotaler; it takes a lot of limberin' up to put that stuff acrost.

"And I got my hopes that when these here prohibition laws is repealed, the U. S. A. is in for a spell of statesmanship like the old-time peetryarchs handed to the world."

MEHITABEL the Cat is still living in Shinbone Alley with the strange kittens which arrived shortly after Mehitabel's arrival from the Southwest. Archy, the cockroach, says . . . but let him tell it:

one of mehitabels kittens
licked a bull pup yesterday
and she is very proud
but hang them she says
i cant teach them to fight like
cats
i told one of them yesterday
when i left home
i might bring him back
a pretty neck ribbon
if he was a good kitten
and he answered me in a
strange voice
ribbon be damned mother dear
what i want is a brass collar
with spikes on it
and another one whom i had been
calling pussy says to me
pussy be damned mother dear
call me fido and another one
who got hold of a ball of catnip
complained it made him
sick at the stomach he says
catnip be damned mother dear
what i want is a bone to gnaw
what do you suppose makes them
act so strange archy
do you suppose i answered her
that prenatal influence
could have anything to do with it
perhaps that is it
she replied innocently
i seem to remember
that i was chased through
arizona and new mexico
by a coyote or did i dream it
i will say you were chased
i told her my advice
is to rent them out
to a dog and pony show archy

THERE is only one trouble
never putting off until tomorro
you can do today: it makes
more work in the course of

For four long years nc
cratic donkey will hold
the nation in the hollov

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and impressive figures I have ever heard. They ought to be read over and over again by every young American citizen when making up his mind in what direction to influence the affairs of his country.

Many issues are in doubt today. Never was there a time when the world had less settled convictions upon fundamentals. But here, at any rate, is something solid and sure. If humanity is worth preserving, here *pro tanto* is its preservation. If the Almighty meant life to spread and flourish upon the surface of His wonderful globe, here is life multiplied. If disease is the foe against which all civilization should unite, here is one of its most memorable and glorious suppressions. So far as these tests are valid, and they are both comprehensive and profound, the American occupation of the Philippines has spelled, in double-sized letters—more, healthier, richer Filipinos.

It surprises us in England—with our old-fashioned ideas so different from the chatter of the subversive do-nothings of the age—that there is not much keener and more general appreciation of these triumphs in the country from whose virtue and science they spring. We have a problem of our own, entirely different in scale, but presenting many similar features, in India. For if India is a sub-continent, the Philippines are a sub-India. The population shows the same tremendous variety in race, religion and language. The multitudinous races of India are paralleled by the numerous tribes in the Philippines, where eighty dialects, many of them as different from one another as English is different from Russian, are spoken.

But the analogy exists beyond questions of race, religion and matters of economic and political development. India is a land of 350 million human beings, and every racial and religious difference found in the Philippines is magnified proportionately. In the Philippines the authority and influence of an external scientific civilization brought to bear with far greater concentration upon a much smaller body has naturally produced much more rapid results.

Service, Not Exploitation

The first precious and material result has been the establishment of internal peace. Head-hunting and slavery have been eradicated from the Philippines in thirty years, just as suttee and thuggee have disappeared from India during the 180 years of British rule. Even-handed justice in the Philippines contrasts as sharply with the dilatory and venal system of the old-time Spanish days as British judicial processes in India contrast with those autocratic caprices which passed for justice before the British came. Roads, railways, bridges, markets; hope for the toiler, and enterprise, the child of hope, have followed the American flag as surely—and much more speedily because of the smaller scale—as they have followed the Union Jack across the vast expanses of the Indian peninsula. If these achievements of the United States give a vested interest in the Philippines, it is a vested interest which, like the quality of mercy, is twice blest.

But all this is mocked at by idle, feeble, flighty-minded folk who on both sides of the Atlantic rail in the freedom of our institutions at all constructive national work. Imperialism! What slanders are uttered against thy name! They say that covetous Cæsars launch brutal soldiers against peaceful and prosperous populations. They say that age-long liberties are erased by the oppressive hand of foreign tyrants; that money-grabbing nabobs cause vretched slaves to sweat and swelter or another's profit.

Defense in the Pacific

Continued from page 13

Such nonsense has been talked about the British for several generations by political sentimentalists who closed their history books one hundred years ago. Such nonsense has been talked for thirty years about the work of the United States in the Philippines.

Vain is it to tell such babblers that in modern times the acquisition and control of territory by English-speaking governments has never meant an assault upon defenseless populations. It has invariably meant the rescue of defenseless populations from tyranny, either foreign or domestic. Administration after acquisition has been service, not exploitation. The rich nabobs and brutal officials of the eighteenth century perorations are now in fact the merchant pursuing his lawful affairs, the investor hazarding his capital upon the country, and the administrator struggling against every handicap of prejudice and poverty to exterminate loathsome customs or fell disease.

Under Governors Taft, Ide and Cameron Forbes the Filipinos made a tremendous stride forward towards economic well-being and political competence. But Governor Harrison seems to have been in many ways the American prototype of Lord Irwin in India. Both attempted to force the pace of political progress without due regard to reality. Both speedily produced a marked degeneration in the happiness and well-being of the populations entrusted to their care.

Under Governor Harrison American officials who had given their main life effort to the Philippines were recklessly replaced by natives, and the sentimental theories of Nordic democracy were energetically applied. As a result the revenue diminished by half and the expenditure doubled. Pestilence broke loose from the sealed jar in which she had been confined and ravaged the land.

The clique of professional politicians who thrive in so many lands upon the exploitation of an unwarrantable nationalism at once interpreted these generous if impracticable sentiments as proof of weakness or weariness in the governing power. Clamor for independence has grown with every relaxation of control.

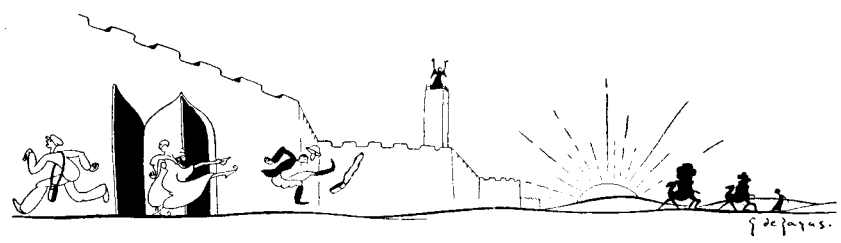
Our Responsibility

If so-called independence were granted today to the Philippines the result would be even worse than the return to the corruption and incompetence of the old Spanish régime. A rich and important population raised by immense exertions and at great cost in American treasure, intellect and blood, would speedily sink into the primitive welter of Asiatic anarchy or misgovernment. The hungry jungle would soon invade the reclaimed spaces. The inhabitants would be rapidly diminished by warfare and disease. The roads would melt into forest trails. The schools and hospitals would become unlovely ruins and after a brief interlude of very eloquent speeches by the Filipino politicians, Chaos and Old Night would resume their sway over this part of Asia.

But that would not be the end. The United States might quit the Philippines, but the Philippines would not quit the United States. It would be impossible for the Federal government after thirty years of responsibility and action incontinently to cast these islanders adrift upon the world. As long as the United States flag protects their coasts they are safe. Once it is hauled down a vacuum will be created and we do not need to search far for the means by which that vacuum would be filled.

I have admiration and long-founded regard for the empire and people of Japan. I recognize the expansion needs of their teeming, vigorous and adventurous population. We have seen their work in Korea. It is stern, but good. We have seen their work in Manchuria. It is also good, but also stern. The repetition of such work in the Philippines would in our lifetime or in that of our children most surely challenge the equilibrium of the Pacific.

The hauling down of the Stars and Stripes at Manila would not be a signal of peace, progress and tranquillity. In its stead there would be hoisted the storm signal, and the instruments of every diplomatic laboratory would register the signs of an approaching seismic disturbance whose destructive violence mortal man could as little measure as he could control.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Hospitality has no place in the religion of the Holy City of Beni Isguen in the north Sahara Desert. No strangers are allowed to stay within the walls overnight. They have to get out when the gates are locked at sundown and camp on the cold desert until morning.

Slow motion pictures show that when a bullet is shot at a pane of glass the compressed air traveling in front of the projectile pierces a hole in the glass before the bullet arrives. —*By C. G. Matson, Los Angeles, California.*

The thermocouple, an electrical thermometer, is one of the most amazing instruments in existence. Placed under an astronomer's focused telescope, it can measure the heat radiated by individual stars, the closest one being 25 million million miles away.—*By William Gordon, New York City.*

In the U. S. Pharmacopœia, the largest official dose of medicine—12 ounces of citrate of magnesia—is 2,304,000 times bigger than the smallest dose—$\frac{1}{400}$ of a grain of aconitine.—*By J. Silberman, Chicago, Illinois.*

About 700 years ago many brides never saw their husbands. The marriages took place by proxy, the groom being represented by a friend. When the groom lived in a distant country, he sometimes was killed in a duel or war before he could come for his bride.—*By Robert Jaeger, Fulton, Missouri.*

In Carthage 2,500 years ago, traders displayed their goods on the beaches and withdrew to their ships. Natives appeared and left beside each article the sum they were willing to pay for it; then they retired while the traders returned. If the sum was insufficient, the sellers again withdrew to give the bidders another chance. Neither goods nor money was ever stolen.

Some living things are not dependent upon oxygen. For example, anaërobic bacteria cannot grow *or even live* in a medium that contains any appreciable amount of it.—*By Martha Joiner, Thetford, Vermont.*

During the past 50 years the amount of money spent on international travel has increased more than 50 times, a factor of inestimable value in universal understanding and world progress.

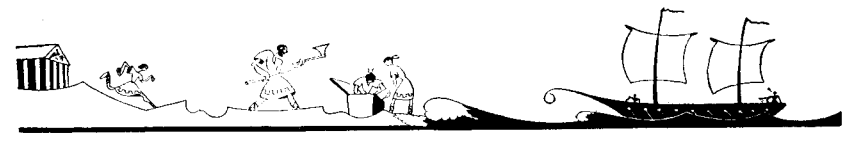
One of the most intensive man hunts on record took place in Düsseldorf, Germany, three years ago when an elusive madman threw that city of 465,000 population into a state of hysteria by a number of maniacal murders. More than 9,000 persons were questioned before he was caught.

When a wealthy Chinese gentleman is laid in his casket, an extra traveling suit is enclosed for his use on the 49 days' journey to the next world. The object is to save wear and tear on his brand-new burial dress, which he will need clean and fresh when he is presented to the gods.

Some orthodox Brahmans of India are so fearful of pollution from animal flesh that they not only abstain from the use of meat and leather but also feel obliged to take a purifying bath after shaking the hand or even receiving a letter from a meat-eating person.

Many present-day impressions of Soviet Russia were formed in 1917-1918 from shocking news stories that supposedly originated in Moscow. Later a secret investigation made by an American press association showed that 95 per cent of these reports came from anti-Soviet centers in Poland, Latvia, Rumania and Finland.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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ON CHRISTMAS COUNTERS

A new Ciné-Kodak

for only $29.50

using a New Film that cuts movie costs nearly 2/3

NEVER before has Christmas brought such a gift at so low a cost. New Eastman inventions give you home movies at a fraction of former prices. A real Ciné-Kodak at only $29.50 (you pay no federal tax; Eastman pays it) . . . and a new film that cuts the cost of making movies 62½%.

This entirely new-idea Eastman-built camera, Ciné-Kodak Eight, takes splendid, bright, clear movies. Makes each foot of film go as far as four. A 25-foot roll at $2.25 runs as long on the screen as the usual 100-foot roll at $6.

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Ciné-Kodak EIGHT

Eastman's NEW PRINCIPLE *Movie Camera*

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Something Useful for Christmas

Continued from page 17

are you not, coming down to dinner?"

"If you call leavings in sandwiches dinner, I am. I shall dine," Tessa answered.

"If you don't get over this and change your ways, you'll be shipped to another school until the holidays!" Evelyn squawked.

"Oh, veil your big buckteeth!" Tessa replied. Evelyn was sensitive about her teeth and their size. She heard Evelyn snort.

Dinner was better than Tessa had expected. Rodney was there. He gave a lecture on when the Grosvenors had settled in Vermont. Tessa watched her father; he didn't like Rodney either; he was glaring at the roses in the center of the table.

Rodney was saying, "In my mother's opinion—" and "My aunt says—" and so on. Her father sighed deeply.

Alix said, face turned to Rodney, "When you said your aunt, dear, you meant your aunt Clara, the countess?"

"Oh, yes," Tessa broke in. "The other aunt, the one who dedicated her life to service and teaches those Negroes in that Southern school, somehow she doesn't get mentioned!"

Her father's lips twitched. Rodney was looking at her as if she were a Japanese beetle. Her mother said a sharp "That will do, Tessa!"

"Oh, yes," Tessa replied, "I suppose it will. I am always stifled, but there's one other thing and I want you, one and all, to know it: I can never give myself to Harry Lathrope!"

"Tessa, you may leave the table," said Mrs. Meredith coldly.

"Which I can bear," said Tessa, rising. She heard, as she retreated, her elder sisters telling her mother she must do something about her; that Tessa was getting impossible.

SHE had an excellent opportunity, as the others finished dinner, to telephone Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Pennington and the other women whose fine feathers she had appraised that day. It was very simple. She said, "Mrs. Carr, I want to borrow your blue-fox fur; I'm getting up a benefit performance and it's to be a surprise, so don't say anything to anyone's parents, will you?"

The simple formula was most effective; they were all very nice, and she missed only Mrs. Grant, whose bracelets she had to have. Tessa thought she could get Mrs. Grant in the morning while her mother, Evelyn and Alix were busy with Miss Hudson. The primary arrangements made, she telephoned a photographer to make an appointment for three on the following day. That was the hour when she was due at the dentist's and she didn't exactly want to go there anyway. . . .

On the following evening Mrs. Meredith was unusually relaxed. Tessa had been so sweet and dear and gentle all the day. She spoke of it and Tessa's Christmas activities as she and Mr. Meredith sipped their after-dinner coffee.

"She went to the dentist's without a word, Horace," Mrs. Meredith murmured happily, "and I've never before got her to go for less than fifty cents."

"Um—" Horace Meredith grunted. Tessa had always been his favorite and just now, to his thinking, the youngster was showing considerable horse sense; which smug judgment proved the fact that he felt about Rodney exactly as did Tessa.

"And what's more," Mrs. Meredith went on, "she worked all morning, bless her generous little heart, on Christmas plans."

"No!" muttered Mr. Meredith warmly.

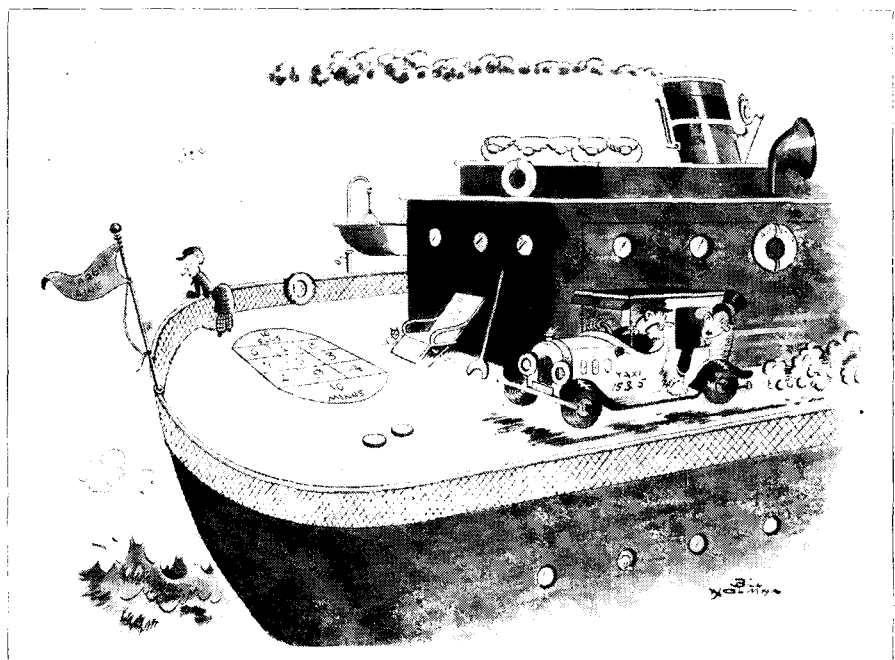
"Yes, she did!" Mrs. Meredith asserted. "Even the girls were touched, and they've been frightfully tried with her lately. She was up early and she came to my room in the dearest way to say she'd like the car to gather up some things she'd laid aside for our Christmas presents; her eyes shone like stars!"

"Well, well!" Mr. Meredith commented even more warmly.

"Then she asked for a dollar, to give to Simpson, she explained, so that he wouldn't tell any of us where she'd been, because she said it was a secret, and I gave it to her."

"Did she bring in the loot?" Mr. Meredith asked, with a good deal of interest.

"No, she didn't. She took it to little Aggie Wetherall's; she's simply sweet about keeping these gifts as a surprise! But I saw the packages and boxes in the car and they weren't done up at all as they usually are when things come from shops and she said she'd disguised them purposely so that none of us should guess."



"Remember—last night you hired me to drive to Europe?"
Bill Holman

"Well, I'll be blasted!" said Mr. Meredith. He was smiling tenderly.

"She stopped to get make-up, and I had the sweetest little talk with her."

"What did she want with make-up?" asked Mr. Meredith in quite another tone.

"Well, it seems that Aggie is going to help with some benefit performance and I contributed largely. I had some terrible stuff that makes your lips look shellacked and some sort of black wash for lashes and brows that Alix bought on a bad day. Horace, Tessa must have been saving her allowance for months, in order to buy these things for us!"

"IT TOUCHES you," he said in a voice that was a bit deeper than usual; and after he spoke he cleared his throat. "Bless her little heart!" he thought. "Bless her little heart!"

Then the doorbell rang and he heard Gleason moving toward the front of the house. "I suppose," Horace Meredith said somberly, "that's Rodney."

"I suppose it is," Mrs. Meredith agreed, and she suppressed a sigh.

Mr. Meredith rose. "If he could just talk about something, Edith, beside his family. I'm fed up!"

In his own sanctum Mr. Meredith became absorbed in dour reflection. Here was Alix, whom he'd felt to be capable of straight thought, completely fooled and fuddled by this young calf who wouldn't, in Horace Meredith's office, last ten minutes. Well, he gave it up, he admitted. He had to. There was nothing else to do.

THE days slipped by—filled with hurry, Christmas whispers, packages. Then it was the day before Christmas, which meant a lit tree and presents after dinner and Tessa found that she was a little nervous. The portraits, to her thinking, were simply marvelously divine and perfectly gorgeous, but she was just afraid that Evelyn and Alix would be poisonously jealous and try to stifle her.

Her favorite (she thought) in the portraits was the one in which she wore a Vionnet dress (which was just a trifle large), a hat with a nose veil, and a fox fur. It was the one in which she was peering around over a shoulder, owl fashion, and yet had managed to bring Mrs. Tilden's lorgnette into prominence.

However, the one in the negligee, with all of her right leg showing and Alix's Grecian sandals, was wonderful too; in that she adored her languorous pose on the chaise longue, her veiled eyes and her seductive smile.

They were going to be surprised, all right, she decided, and in that supposition she did not err; they were.

The day passed and at last dinner was really over, and as Rodney, dining with a chillingly correct uncle, would not get in until later, the family were to be alone at the heart-warming moment when love is shown through symbols wrapped in tissue and tied with gilt or silver cords. The lit tree twinkled in a corner. The fire glowed. The presents were on three card tables and their base circumference and altitude were cheering to Tessa.

Her mother was beginning in the way old people always talked about your presents. She was saying, "Now what can Tessa have given me? I've wondered and wondered!"

Over under the copper-velvet sofa cushion were copies of the papers that had published her pictures. One of them had an interview. Tessa knew it by heart, and Aggie had positively swooned reading it. The heading proclaimed: "Daughter of Prominent Citizen Renounces Society; Plans Stage as Career."

Mrs. Meredith had picked up her package marked "For my darling mother, with many happy returns of the day and love and kisses from Tessa—"

And Mrs. Meredith was saying in that bright, nursery tone, "Now what can this be? I think it looks like a picture and I believe, Horace, you have one too. Pictures are always so lovely to have!"

Mr. Meredith moved toward the table, saying with a synthetic fervor obvious to Tessa that he couldn't wait. They were acting in a perfectly vilely nauseating manner, but of course they meant well. Tessa stifled a sigh. Evelyn pounced on her picture and Alix followed suit.

"And so beautifully tied and wrapped!" murmured Mrs. Meredith. "It seems as if I can't wait to get it open, Tessa."

"Well, then untie that ribbon," said Tessa. "That's the way it's done, I believe, by most people—"

Really, you couldn't stand more than so much of it. However, they'd realize in a few minutes that she was no longer a child, to be talked at about presents as if she were two or something.

Mrs. Meredith had untied the ribbon; she paused, smiling. "And now," she said, "I shall see what dear Tessa has given me!"

Then she lifted the tissue. She looked, her smile faded and her mouth opened. She blinked at the offering; she sank back in her chair and then with a hard wrench she sat forward. The picture at which she was blinking shook in her hands. Evelyn glanced over her mother's shoulder; she positively squawked: "We'll never live it *down!* We'll *never* live it down! Mother, why didn't you *watch* her! Oh—*Mother!*"

Alix had opened hers and she was burbling, "Rodney's mother—Rodney's mother—I don't know what Rodney's mother will think—Rodney's mother—"

WITH every finger converted to a thick thumb by nervous apprehension, Horace Meredith opened his gift from Tessa. He was a man of innate modesty, and he knew, as he looked at his youngest daughter's portrait, the most shocking and terrible moment of his life.

When he could speak he whispered a hoarse, "Have you—given any of these—" he coughed dryly—"to anyone outside—the family?"

"A mere three dozen, Father," Tessa answered, and she added lightly, "I charged them to you."

Evelyn sank to the nearest chair; Alix began to sob convulsively; Mrs. Meredith was licking her lips in a very curious fashion and she continued to blink.

"They are published in two papers," Tessa stated; someone groaned—it sounded like her father. "I don't mean all of them are published," she continued, "I mean two of them are. The one in Mrs. Furniss' dress and Mrs. Pennington's hat and Mrs. Carr's fox fur is in The Morning Star and the other—the Mrs. White's negligee one—is in the smaller paper, but it has a lot of influence and that's the one that has the interview too—"

"Let me see it," said Mrs. Meredith, and she sounded as if she had been running up the side of the Matterhorn.

Tessa brought the papers, to stand by as she saw her family go into a huddle over them; Evelyn read aloud, voice shaking as had her mother's: "After I have made myself felt on the stage, I plan to retire for a few years to have eight children—"

At this moment Rodney appeared in

(Continued on page 34)

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THE NEW BUICK FOR 1933

Hundreds of thousands of people have viewed the new Buick during the past few days. Additional thousands are viewing it daily. Most significant of all is the large percentage of owners of high as well as low priced cars who are uniting with Buick owners in paying tribute to this new Straight Eight.

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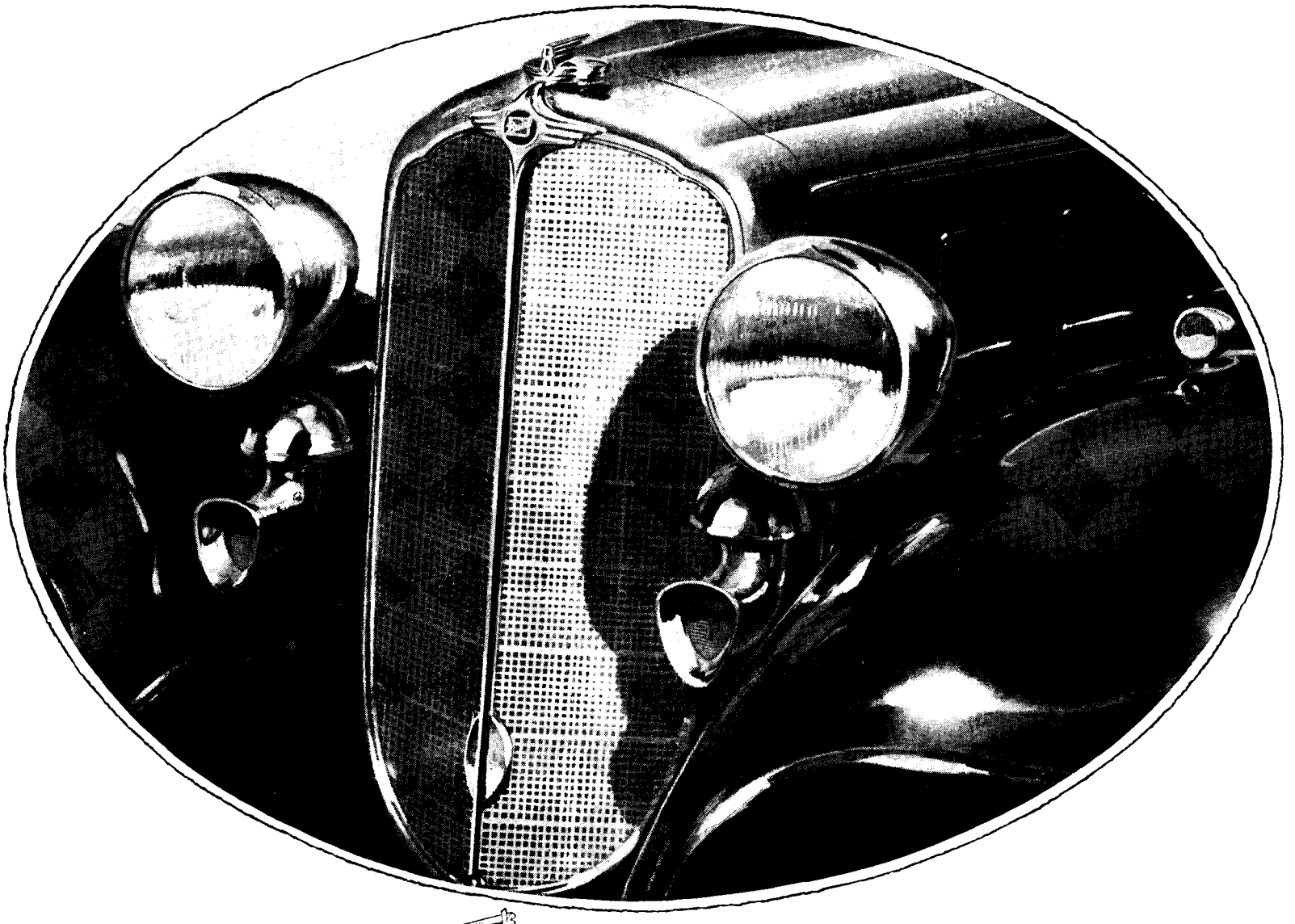
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



ENGINE CUSHIONED IN RUBBER

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Something Useful for Christmas

Continued from page 32

the doorway; his greetings were muted by Alix's shoving into his hands one of the portraits; he did not say, "Forgotten are my dreams of all fair women, for, Tessa, you—you—are more beautiful than God's dawn!" nor any of the rest of it. He looked, instead, as if he were violently seasick and he said, slowly, coldly, "Alix, I do not know whether my mother will be able to forgive this!"

Someone told Tessa to go upstairs and she hadn't opened one present. But even that didn't matter. She crept, shaking, to the head of the stairs, to sit huddled there.

She heard Alix and Rodney in the drawing-room; Rodney's chill and incisive voice did not rise or hasten, but Alix's voice sounded like a guinea hen suffering with hysterics.

Tessa waited until Gleason showed Rodney the gate. Gleason said, although he must have known what was going on, "A merry Christmas, if I may presume, sir, although doubtless I'll be seeing you tomorrow."

But Rodney said, "I shall not return."

Tessa made a rather blinded way to the upstairs telephone then, to call Pete's rooms, where she found him. He heard "Pete," in a wan and wandering small voice. "Pete, get her some flowers and come right along, saying you couldn't let Christmas go by without something like that, you know. The stage is—set." (Was she crying, the dazed Pete wondered? It sounded so.) "Bring her anything but orchids; *he* dragged those in—"

CHRISTMAS was dreadful; Tessa was told again and again that, hereafter, she was to be watched like the naughty little girl she was and that never again would anyone in the house trust her. It went on and on like that. And her father was so unhappy and she couldn't seem to eat.

At noon her father asked her, after a deep cough, whether she didn't want to open her presents and, after she had shaken her head and gulped a "No," she began to cry once more and she was sent to her room.

Pete came for Alix at a little after twelve and they went driving. Tessa saw their start from her third-floor front window and through one pane of glass and a lot of tears.

Then her father came plodding up the stairs to tap upon her door and to ask her whether she was all right. She said she was, but she used a sob for a period.

Gleason brought her dinner—an old-fashioned, two-o'clock one—to her room on a tray. There was plenty of everything in Christmas foods, but she couldn't eat. She put the small dishes of cranberry sauce, olives and nuts into her bureau drawer for future reference and, that done, she sat down to wonder what was the matter with them all and to grieve over the unkindest cut of all. They had said she looked like a gawky child playing lady. She began to cry again.

At five o'clock the news came: Harry Lathrope was waiting for her in the library and Mrs. Meredith had ordered that her youngest daughter receive Harry pleasantly and with a true welcome.

She nodded and ten minutes later she sat with Harry before the living-room fire. Harry was dour as she entered, but when he saw her tear-stained eyelids and pink, button mushroom of a nose, he forgot himself.

"What's the matter anyway?" he asked hoarsely. She told him and, as she did, she began to see Harry through new eyes. For one thing, he considered it was vile, their treating her like that.

"The trouble is," he confided, and in a good deal the same manner used by their elders while speaking of them, "you don't know how they'll take things; you don't know what they'll do next. For instance, now what I mean is this—for instance, Uncle Henry gave me a check for Christmas last week, saying to get something with it I wanted for Christmas, and it was one hundred and thirty-five dollars. Well, as for me, I get sick and tired of being driven around by old hatchet-faced Hedges as if I was three and being taken to the dentist or something, and I saw a yellow sports roadster for one hundred and twenty-five dollars and it was pretty good.

"But, anyway, what I'm getting at is this: I went into the place and I paid the hundred and twenty-five and told 'em to hold it till Christmas morning. I'll tell you that old bus was a bargain if there ever was one, and at school I need a car, because otherwise I kind of think of my studies too much and I need relaxation but, anyway, what I'm getting at is this: I have to sell that car, if you please, and my father wouldn't help me do it, because he said if I bought it I could sell it and it would teach me a lesson maybe, as if I was a *child!*

"I tried to sell it back, but the man at the garage, he can't give me any more than eighty dollars for it, and what with one thing and another, as you might say, I have had a Christmas that you might say was a kind of farce—until this moment!"

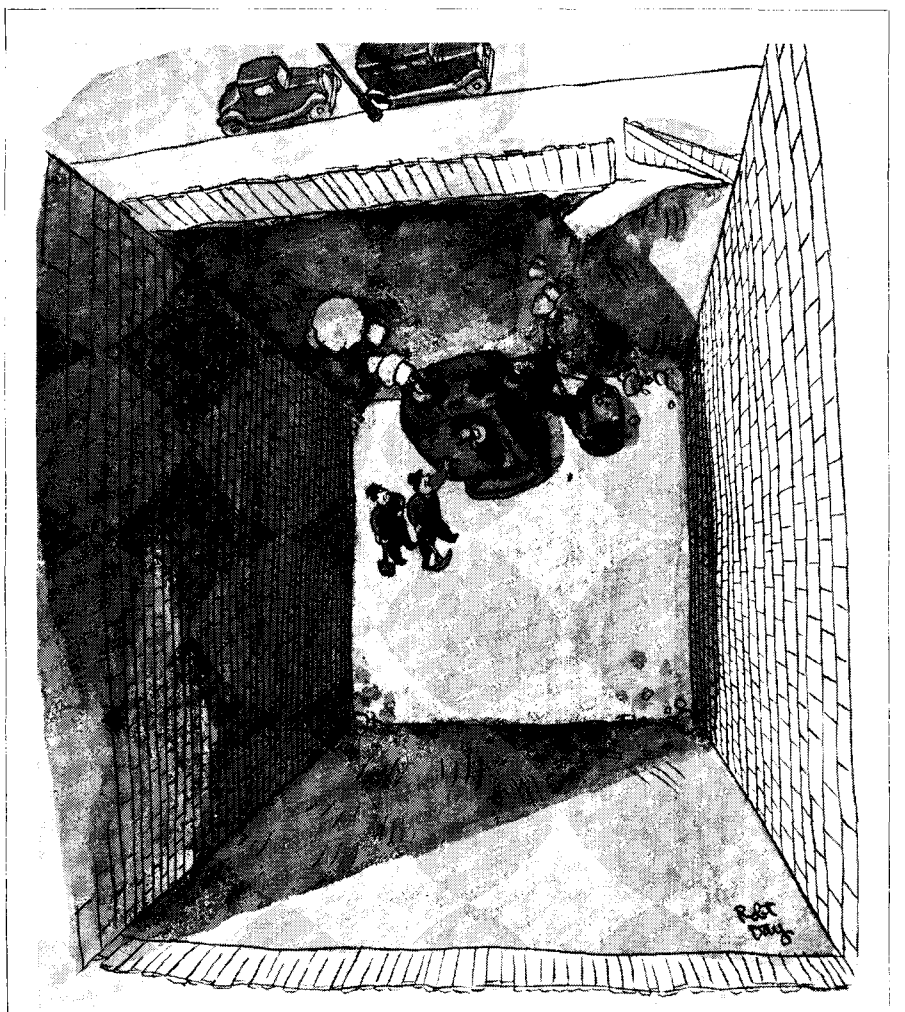
TESSA wriggled; she knew what he meant and he was being divinely romantic!

"I didn't open my presents," said Tessa, "so I can't thank you for whatever you gave me."

"You didn't miss much," Harry admitted gloomily. He plunged a hand deep in a pocket, stretching his right leg straight to do this; he still had ten dollars, he realized. "You see," he went on, "my mother picks out the stuff I give people and it's a lot of rotten, bum junk too, if you ask me, and I think the one you drew was a book called A Little Girl in Old France, and if you wanta throw it into the garbage, I simply hope you will."

(He thought again of the ten dollars.)

THEY discussed secret sorrows. He hadn't realized what she meant by that, because he didn't keep quiet about his, and he'd thought secrets meant silence, but if she meant secret sorrows were the kind you talked of the entire time to your family, well then, he admitted, he had practically nothing else, and his family had reason to know it, too!



"You got us in here. Now get us out!" *Robert Day*

As the clock struck eight Tessa followed Harry to the hall. He didn't want to go home, he explained, but they had dinner at seven.

"You'll come tomorrow, won't you, Harry?" she asked wistfully. He and Gleason were her only friends.

He nodded, choked and managed to trip over the corner of a rug, although he was supposedly standing still, and he said, reddening with emotion, "Well, as for me, it hasn't been such a bum Christmas, if you ask me!"

She understood and it helped. And he was marvelous and wonderful! And she had been blind!

"If it wasn't that I get faint without eating, I wouldn't go now," he added.

She stayed in the hall for a few minutes after he left, just to see how things were going on in the living-room. Evelyn was speaking; she said loudly, "And this morning Mrs. Wetherall told Mother that Tessa had written little Aggie that she, Tessa, was 'stiffled' . . . think of those little idiots punctuating their periods of insane giggling by Russian moods in which they discuss our stifling, or 'stiffling' them—"

Pete laughed. Her father, Tessa heard, was stamping around; he said, "Well, it's been a *nice* Christmas and I simply ask you people to remember that the child has feelings and the poor little thing hasn't had heart enough to open her presents."

"I think you ought to call it off," Peter agreed.

"But, dear," protested Alix; there was a new warmth in the "dear" Tessa heard, "but, dear, those portraits!"

"It'll blow over," Pete promised.

"*I'm not going to have my discipline* ruined this time by you, Horace," said Mrs. Meredith frigidly.

Pete was speaking again, Tessa realized, and although her mother was crazy about Pete, Tessa doubted whether his words would get him (or her) very much. She made heavy way upstairs.

In her room she shed her clothes to creep into her bed without saying her prayers. There was no use saying prayers: God wasn't around. In bed she wanted to cry and couldn't and this felt worse than crying. Of course Harry had helped her, but—it was Christmas night and they were all downstairs and she wanted her mother!

Then she heard a tap on her door and she called "Come," and her father came. He crossed the room and settled on the edge of her bed. He fumbled for her hand, found it and held it close. Then he coughed.

"Your mother," he said, "asked me to remind you that you haven't opened any of your presents."

"What—what was the use?" she whispered harshly and brokenly. "I knew what I'd get: plain—suitable—things and, anyway, I didn't feel like it. I don't feel that way—Christmassy—in—my heart!"

He coughed again. "Your mother and I have decided to give you a little check," he confided, "so that you can get some of the things you want."

Evelyn appeared then.

"There's a box downstairs from Harry," she said; "it looks terribly like an orchid!"

TESSA sat up. "I'm glad," she stated. "I *like him now*; he has capabilities."

"I thought," Evelyn answered, "that it was adenoids, but we'll let that pass. And, honey, Mother wants you to get up and Alix said you could wear her fanciest negligee, and then you come down to open your presents. They're not all so terrible, darling, and we do love you!"

Then Evelyn backed out and Tessa felt her father's arm tightening around her. She cried for a little time against his shoulder, but in a new, happy way, and once and again he coughed and patted her small, shad-thin back that had carried too heavy a burden for a time that had stretched too long.

It was wonderful downstairs. The first thing she saw was her portrait in the negligee, framed and on the table, and Harry had sent two orchids! And Pete was there, grinning at her and holding Alix's hand. She began to open her packages. Alix had given her the dress she didn't quite like, and seeing this Tessa gasped. "Oh, I am so happy," she said. And they looked happy, too, but queer—the group who stared at her—and her mother was crying.

"Well!" she whispered ardently, "it *is* Christmas, isn't it? I feel it" (she put her hand on her heart), "I feel it here!"

And they did too, she knew very well although, for quite a little while, no one spoke to answer.

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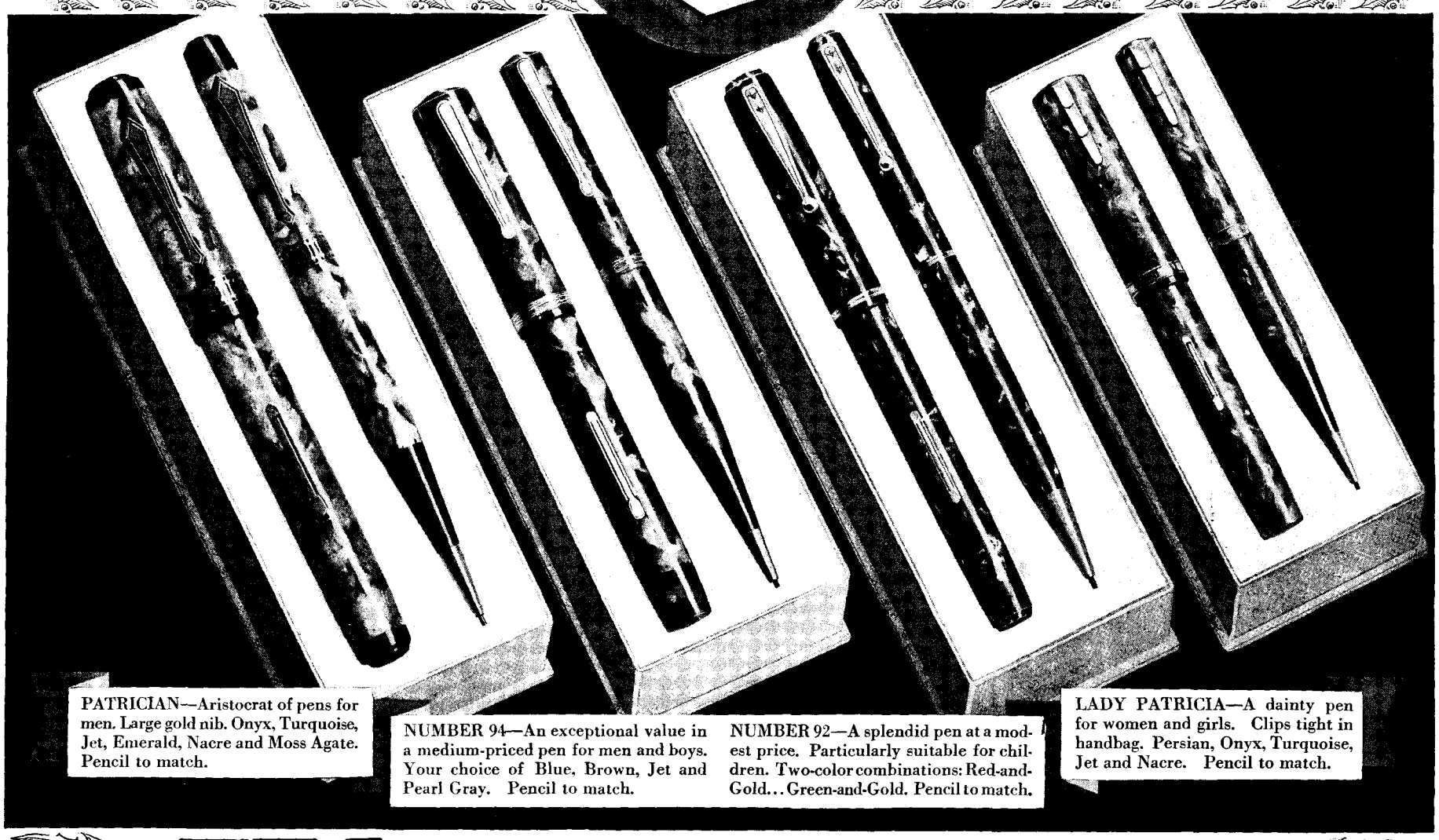

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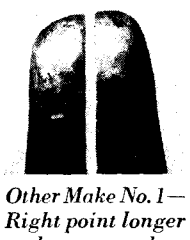
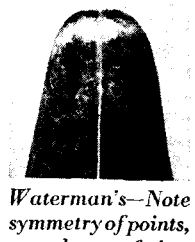


Other Make No. 1—Right point longer and narrower than left; sharp inner points on tips.

Other Make No. 2—One point flatter than other; tips not symmetrical; thin, pitted iridium.

Other Make No. 3—Jagged ink channel; irregular tips; flat sides end in ridges on writing surface.



Waterman's—Note symmetry of points, roundness of tips, smoothness of writing surface.

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 23

thet you've been put under arrest."

"Reckon we have them guessin'."

"None of these men will meet you for an even break."

"Don't expect it, Masters."

"Looks like you'd have to hole them up. An' when you're outside of a barricaded cabin, up agin shotguns an' rifles, it gets testier'n hell. As a ranger I had a lot of thet."

THEY paced down-street on the right side, passing the blacksmith shop, some closed tents, and a merchandise store. As far down as Kalispel could see, men were gazing in his direction, and not a few of their number were taking to the middle of the street. In the Red Likker saloon Kalispel's ringing challenge elicited a reply from someone in the crowd:

"What you want Mac fer?"

"He an' his pards jumped Dick Sloan's claim."

"Wal, thet ain't sayin' what you want," replied the gruff voice.

"Sloan's dyin'!"

Kalispel advanced upon the group before the bar and ordered them to spread out. His swift scrutiny failed to locate a man with a stubby red beard. He backed out of the saloon, keenly aware of hostile looks. On down the street he went, searching in the places where miners congregated. Opposite the Dead Eye saloon Kalispel espied a tall bearded man who strode across in a manner to excite a second glance. Kalispel knew him as a friend, a neighbor of Blair's.

"Shore you're lookin' at this fellar?" inquired Masters.

The miner came on without slacking his pace or betraying any sign that he recognized Kalispel. But as he passed he shot out low-voiced: "Your man's *been tipped off. . . . Dead Eye saloon!*"

Kalispel halted.

"Heah thet?" queried Masters, sharply. "I reckon I'll stand aside now, Emerson."

IT WAS a hundred or more long steps diagonally across the street to the Dead Eye saloon. When the Texan moved on a little way and then faced about, it appeared to be a signal for every man in sight of Kalispel to halt. Various comments carried to Kalispel's sensitive ears.

"There! Masters has shied away," said one, in hoarse excitement.

"He ain't drunk *this* time, shore."

"Who's he after?"

"He's watchin' the Dead Eye."

"Gentlemen, the ball is about to open."

"We'll be duckin' lead pronto."

For these observers the stage had been set for the familiar street-scene drama of the frontier. But in Thunder City there had been few indeed of these duels.

Kalispel cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled, "Somebody tell Sneed to drive Mac an' his pards out—or I'll burn 'em out."

A man shouted into the door of the Dead Eye. If Sneed did not comply, Kalispel would take his failure as inimical to himself. He counted, however, on the fact that the creed of the West was for men to meet in the open and decide their disputes without risk to spectators.

Bill Sneed appeared, opening wide the swinging doors of his saloon.

"*Git out!*" he bellowed. "I ain't harborin' ye, by Gawd!"

Two white-faced men sneaked out, followed by a third, whose sombrero, pulled low, failed to hide the betraying red beard. The first slipped like an eel into the backing throng. The others dashed into the street, sheering widely to the left.

"*Stop!*" yelled Kalispel, and he shot at the foremost runner. The bullet kicked up the dust beyond and whined away. *But it had hit the runner, for* there was a violent break in his swift action. Kalispel's second shot, aimed low, brought the last man down in the middle of the street. He screamed with pain and terror. *Like a crippled fowl* he flopped, attempted to get to his feet again but fell, screaming all the time. Then as Kalispel leaped forward into the street the man raised himself from the hips and pulled his gun, to fire rapidly. The bullets splintered glass and thudded on wood, and caused a rush of onlookers to get out of range. Kalispel plunged to a halt and shot to kill. His adversary went down, while his gun slid in the dust. Again Kalispel leaped forward to his prostrate foe, glad to find him alive. The second bullet had *taken him high up in the breast.*

"Howdy, Mac," called Kalispel, grimly, as he stood over him with smoking gun. The black sombrero lay in the dust and Kalispel had needed no more to recognize this man.

Kalispel patrolled the center of the wide street, the cynosure of all eyes. The tide had turned his way. The creed of the frontier would force Borden to meet him.

Sunset was still several hours away. Kalispel's beat covered the lower end of town, just out of rifle range from Borden's place. Borden had been located at once and informed of Macabe's confession, and that there was a man waiting for him out in the street.

TOWARD mid-afternoon business, except that of drinking, ceased for the day. Everybody wanted to see the encounter between Kalispel and Borden. If there were exceptions, they were Leavitt and his men up at the mine. They had been told. And later the news flashed around, from the very messengers who carried it, that Leavitt had refused to protect Borden from Emerson. "Tell the girl-snatcher to go out and take his medicine!" was Leavitt's coarse reply to that appeal. Gossip quickly added the fact of Leavitt's tragic death of Nugget's champion and would-be husband to become known to all. It flowed from lip to lip. And it was the last spark that precipitated an unprecedented explosion. Mutterings and curses changed to direct calls to Kalispel.

"We're with you, old Montana!" yelled a miner.

"Bore him low-down, Kal!"

"Go in after the yellow dog!"

"If you want us to rout him out—say the word!"

Such outspoken ejaculations served to unleash the passion of the mob. Men would shout to Kalispel and then go into a saloon for another drink. That Borden did not appear wore on the unruly miners. The raw good humor of the mob subtly changed. They merged closer and closer to Kalispel, forming a dense circle behind him across the street. *And gradually* they edged him foot by foot toward Borden's hall. This largest building in the town was the last upon the street, and presented for once a lonely aspect. Doors *and windows appeared like dark, va*cant eyes. It stood isolated, apparently deserted.

The impatient mob, thirsty for blood, switched its vociferous acclaim of Kalispel to a sinister call for Borden:

"Come out, Borden!"

"Hyar, you skunk! Mac has squealed an' Sloan is dead! Come on!"

"Borden, we all want to see you!"

"Borden, it's your only chance!"

"You're done in Thunder City!"

"Walk out like a man, you —— ——!"

"An' let us see daylight through yore gizzard! Haw! Haw!"

"Come out, Borden, or get run out!"

A leather-lunged miner bawled: "Smoke him out!"

A roar attested to the mood of the watchers:

"*Burn him out!*"

And when they stopped to catch their breath the stentorian-voiced miner rent the pregnant air:

"*Borden, come out an' fight—or we'll lynch you!*"

THE cry, "Lynch him!" was caught up and carried along like a wave, until Masters ran out to confront the crowd. He held his hands high to quiet them.

"Steady, men," he yelled authoritatively. "Give Emerson time! We don't want a lynchin'. An' fire might destroy the town. . . . I'll guarantee to fetch Borden out!"

Above the murmuring roar cut a sharp, high voice:

"All right, Sheriff. But no arrest goes hyar. We want to see Borden shot or swing!"

Masters sped swiftly to confront Kalispel.

"Thet gang's in an ugly mood," he said, with a gleam in his gray eyes. "They might set fire to Borden's place. An' thet'd be hell. These shacks would burn like tinder. . . . Emerson, you better let me go in after Borden."

"He's hid in there," warned Kalispel. "He might shoot you."

"I'll take thet risk. An' if I get to him, I'll make him see thet this mob will burn him out and hang him. An' I'll agree to protect him from them if he kills you. That'll fetch him. It's his only chance."

"Suppose he bobs up with a rifle?" queried Kalispel, darkly.

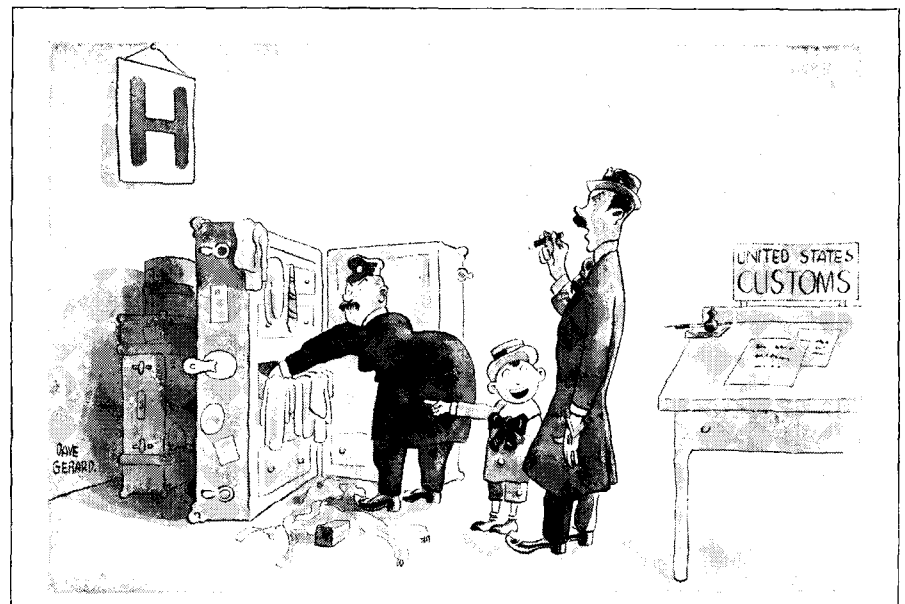
"Wal, if he's thet much of a cheat I'll bore him myself," replied the Texan.

"Masters, I don't like the deal. It's plumb good of you. But it'll queer you with Leavitt. An' Leavitt is strong—we don't savvy how strong."

"To hell with Leavitt. One at a time! . . . Do I go?"

"Shore. An' thanks, old-timer."

Masters swung away, pulling out a white handkerchief which he began to



"He's getting warmer, isn't he, Papa?" *Dave Gerard*

"Masters, come here an' bring somebody," yelled Kalispel to the sheriff. Then he bent his gaze upon the claim-jumper. "Sloan marked you, Mac."

"Is he—daid?" queried Mac, hoarsely. His eyes rolled furtively.

"I reckon, by this time."

"Don't kill me—Emerson. . . . I'll talk."

Masters came up hurriedly, accompanied by two miners.

"Winged, eh? Make him squeal, Kal," he said, stridently.

"Mac, I reckon you won't cash if you don't get bored again," added Kalispel, deliberately pointing his gun at the fallen man's heart. "Talk—or I'll bore you again!"

"Fer God's sake, Emerson! . . . I didn't knife Sloan—or slug him, either. . . . I was for robbin' an' kidnappin' him—so Borden could get—Nugget!"

LIKE wildfire the news spread up and down the main street of Thunder City that Macabe, one of Leavitt's guards, had confessed having been forced by Borden to put young Sloan out of the way. Rumor ran as fast as men could walk and their tongues could wag. The motive for the crime—to waylay and kill an honest young miner for the purpose of dragging his sweetheart to the dance-hall den, and to a life of drink and violence—inflamed the populace to an increasingly dangerous degree.

half interest in Borden's property, and that the mine owner would not be unhappy to take over Borden's half. The lower end of the street was deserted except for Kalispel's solitary form, pacing to and fro or standing motionless and menacing. The throng, drinking more and more, gradually succumbed to the mob feeling, so easily aroused in crude men at such a time. Kalispel's status rose to that of a chivalrous and admirable man, while Borden was labeled a trafficker in women.

Dick Sloan's neighbor, the young miner, detached himself from the crowd and hurriedly strode out to Kalispel.

"Better give me elbow room," warned Kalispel, somberly.

But the young fellow came on unheeding.

"Emerson, it's all over," he said, hoarsely, his face pale and set. "Sloan died without comin' to."

"No surprise to me. I gave him up. . . . An' how'd Ruth take it?"

"Game as they come. She's with me. We was huntin' you."

"Hang on to her an' get her home."

"I'll hang all right, but I'll never get her off the street," declared the young man. "She's goin' to see it!"

"Let the crowd know that Sloan's dead."

"I've already sprung it. . . . They're with you, Kal."

It did not take a long while for the

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wave. The crowd yelled both encouragingly and derisively. They did not wholly trust this action of the sheriff's.

It was more than two hundred yards from where Kalispel stood to the dance hall. Masters slowed his pace. When he got halfway there he shouted, and went on. He had nerve, but undoubtedly he calculated that Borden would see him and grasp at anything to avert a meeting with Kalispel. Masters then increased his gait, as if the suspense was less insupportable than the risk. He still waved the white handkerchief. And when he got within a hundred feet of the hall, Borden suddenly appeared in the doorway with a leveled rifle.

"Halt!" he yelled.

Masters lowered his flag of truce with suggestive violence. His clear voice rang out:

"Air you drunk or crazy? Drop yore rifle. The mob back there will burn you alive or hang you shore."

"WHAT do you want?" yelled Borden, stridently, and lowered the weapon. Masters went forward then, talking fast, but Kalispel could not distinguish what he said. Masters approached to within thirty steps of Borden, who still held his rifle threateningly. The Texan might wisely halt there and deliver his proposition and leave, thought Kalispel. Masters' posture did not lose dignity, but his few gestures were singularly expressive of the finality of a cold ultimatum. He whirled on his heel and, swerving out of line to the left, he strode rapidly up the street toward the crowd.

Kalispel watched that rifle, and if it had started for a level he meant to leap aside for cover. He would not take any chances with a hound like Borden. The crowd seemed locked in suspense, waiting, with eyes on the two principals. Into this oppressive lull the leather-lunged miner projected his raw yell:

"Take your choice, Borden! . . ."

And the shout that burst from the crowd proclaimed that every watcher divined what the choice was—to drop the long-range rifle and come out like a man, or use it and swing by the neck. Certainly Borden understood, for the echo of that taunting decree had not ceased when he lifted the rifle high to fling it down. The metallic crash of its contact with the flagstones came plainly to the listening ears.

Even at that distance Borden's swarthy visage gleamed.

"Wal, Emerson, he's comin' an' we're gamblin' you'll bore him low down in the middle," yelled the wag from the crowd.

Borden whipped out two guns, and lowering his head like a bull about to charge he leaped out of the doorway.

"Spread out, everybody!" boomed the miner with the clarion voice. "The ball's opened!"

Kalispel started to stride forward, drawing his gun. Borden gained the center of the street and, like a man propelled by irresistible force from behind, came lurching on. He threw forward the gun in his left hand and fired. The ball whizzed by Kalispel, glanced on the gravel behind, and brought a shrill yell from some person in the crowd. Shouts and trample of feet attested to the splitting of the mob to both sides of the street.

Kalispel kept on swiftly. Borden halted. His gun flamed red and cracked. Another bullet hissed uncomfortably close to Kalispel's body. Far beyond it struck up dust and ricocheted along the street. Again Borden strode on and again his big gun boomed. Then bang! bang! bang! he emptied the gun in his left hand, as if driven to be free of it. He flung it aside, and raised the one in his right.

Kalispel stopped to turn his side toward his adversary, upon whom he brought his gun to bear. The distance was far over a hundred yards. Kalispel froze in his aim and pulled trigger.

Everybody heard the sodden impact of that bullet. It had the soft, thudding sound of lead entering flesh. Borden's hurried stride appeared blocked as if by a battering-ram. He uttered a choking cry, but began to shoot. Deliberate and cold, Kalispel took time, well knowing that this was no game for snap-shooting, and aimed as at a target, while Borden's first and second bullets passed whistling by Kalispel, one on each side. Kalispel shot. And Borden was knocked flat, as if by a hard fist. In frenzied action he sprang up like a bent willow released, and shot wildly. But something about Kalispel's posture, his statue-like immobility, his dark terrible calm, pierced Borden's chaotic brain. He essayed to take his cue from his adversary. Dropping on one knee he rested his elbow on the other and took slow and careful aim.

A suspended breath seemed to wait in the onlookers. A woman screamed as if she could not stand the deliberation for which Kalispel was famed.

The silence burst to the ringing crack of his gun. Borden's rigidity left him. His gun fell from his hand. And simultaneously he appeared to be batted to one side, as by an invisible force. On hands and knees, his back to the crowd, he wrestled himself almost erect, then suddenly plunged down on his face to kick the dust and lie still.

Standing alone in the street, with the breathless crowd beginning to stir, Kalispel stood over his prostrate enemy to watch him die. It was one of the prerogatives of gunmen, to be in at the death, and owed its origin to the incentive to make sure that the enemy did die. In Kalispel's case it was an ordeal, where ruthlessness gave way to a sickening remorse.

Borden lay beyond his last convulsion, conscious.

"Nugget!" he tried to articulate. She was his last thought, one seemingly divorced from the hard motive that had brought him to this pass. It might have been a revelation of love.

"I'll look after her," replied Kalispel. And Borden died with something like relief on his ghastly face.

Kalispel hurried down the street to avoid the surging crowd. He made his way out of town and down the stream to the bend, and up to the sage slope where he had often gone. The hour was past sunset, crimson and gold, tranquil and sad. The relentlessness of man, with his love, his hate, his avarice, did not intrude here. Nature had been a panacea for Kalispel's ills, from the old recovery after a cowboy debauch to the heartbreak he had sustained recently, and now to the repetition of the cruel retrogression of blood-lust.

DUSK fell. He could tarry no longer. A chill air floated down the canyon. Nighthawks and bats were fluttering. He left the fragrant sage bench and, retracing his steps, crossed the bridge to Sloan's tent. Several miners, and Barnes, the kindly partner of Sloan, met Kalispel and informed him that they had just buried Sloan on his own claim, in the deep hole where he had dug for gold and had found a grave.

"Barnes, I'll be takin' the girl up to my cabin," said Kalispel. "Sloan's claims an' tools are yours. . . . An' I won't forget your friendship for him—an' your goodness to her."

"Aw—thet's nothin'," replied Barnes, haltingly. He, like the others, was, for the moment, inhibited by Kalispel's presence.

Kalispel went into the tent. The in-

(Continued on page 38)

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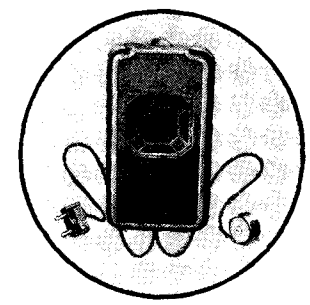

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"Say it with Flowers"

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(Continued from page 37)

terior was almost too dark to discern objects.

"Ruth," he called, "where are you?"

"Kal!" she cried, gladly, and her light feet pattered on the floor. He made out her pale form against the gloom. Then she was clinging to him, with her head pressed against his breast.

"Wal? . . . Don't shake so, child," he said, gently, as he held her. "Brace up. You've seen a lot of hard doin's, though not so close to home. . . . Barnes told me they'd buried Dick right here. I reckon that was the thing—to get it over."

"Yes. I told them to," she replied.

"Can't you stand on your feet?" he asked, finding that he had to hold her.

"My legs are—shaky."

"But Ruth—you're the gamest kid. This is gold-diggin's life, you know. Shore it is awful tough, your losin' Dick—but it's done—it's over, an' you got to brace."

"Kal, I'm terribly sorry about Dick," she whispered, and then suddenly she clutched him, "but—but it was your fight with Borden—that knocked me out."

"Aw!—Didn't Barnes drag you off the street?"

"I stayed. I seemed possessed of a thousand devils while you waited for Borden. . . . Oh, how I wanted you to kill him! And I knew you would. I gloated over the thought. The crowd was for you and that thrilled me. . . . But when Borden plunged out, like a mad bull—then I went to pieces. I suddenly realized—he might kill you, too. And I nearly died of terror. . . . I saw it all. . . . Then I collapsed."

"Ah-huh. . . . Wal!" ejaculated Kalispel, strangely affected by her poignant words and clinging hands. She was only a child, this dance-hall girl, and he was her only friend. "Ruth," he got out, at length, "I'm takin' you up to my cabin."

"Kal!—I'm glad, but I can't walk."

"I'll carry you." He lifted her and swung her around comfortably against his shoulder, and edged sideways through the door.

"Barnes," he said to the waiting miner, "would you be good enough to have your wife pack up all Ruth's clothes an' things, an' bring them up to my cabin?"

"Shore'll be glad to," was the reply.

Kalispel took the trail up the stream. For the most part it was dark, though he could readily see the pale path winding between the shacks and the creek. Here and there lamps cast a yellow glow through doors or canvas, and camp fires flickered, silhouetting burly, red-shirted miners at the evening meal.

"Kal, I'll walk now," said Ruth, after they had gone a long way.

"You might stumble in the dark."

"How strong you are!—But I am heavy, and you must be tired."

"Wal, you were like thistledown at first. An' I'm bound to admit you're not quite as light as that now. But I can pack you."

WHEN Kalispel passed the Blair cabin, almost under its high porch, he saw a light and heard Sydney's contralto voice. How strange to pass by Sydney this way in the darkness with a girl in his arms—a girl whose life and happiness henceforth must be his care! He tightened his hold on the slender form in his arms. And he was unable for the moment to straighten out his labyrinthine thoughts or comprehend his conflicting emotions.

They passed the last shack. Far across the bench flickered a camp fire that was Jake's. Kalispel had been increasingly aware that Ruth's head had slipped closer and closer until her cheek rested against his neck. It felt warm and moist. She was crying.

Jake was stirring around a camp fire outside the cabin. He heard Kalispel's footsteps and peered out into the darkness.

"It's me, Jake."

"Aw!—Shore glad, son. I saw your meetin' with Borden. All same Kalispel Montana!—Suited me fine. . . . Hey, what you packin'?"

"What you think? A sack of flour?"

"A girl! If you don't beat the Dutch!"

"Shut up, an' light the lamp in the cabin."

Jake knocked things over in his hurry to execute that order. He stared with rolling ox eyes at the white-faced, golden-haired girl Kalispel laid on the couch. Ruth sat up.

"I'm not an invalid," she said, with a wan smile. "Howdy, Jake. Your brother has packed me up here."

"I see," replied Jake, with a broad grin. Ruth's looks quickly found the hearts of men. "I reckon you're the girl—"

"Ruth," interrupted Kalispel, shortly. "Jake, put a canvas up outside the cabin. An' take your bed out. You an' me will bunk together."

"So our family's increased permanently?" rejoined Jake beamingly.

"Our family's shore increased permanent," drawled Kalispel. "Rustle now, an' get some supper first."

WHEN Jake went out whistling, Kalispel turned to the girl, sensing full well that he was in for what he knew not. He caught the recession of a vivid blush which left her face white, and accentuated the cornflower blue of her eyes. He had never met such an earnest, lovely light in a human's gaze.

"Kal, let's have it out now," she said.

"Out! Have what out?" he queried, blankly.

"This deal."

"Gosh, child—"

"I heard what you promised Dick."

"Wal?"

"You said: 'I'll take care of her, Dick!' . . . What did you mean by that?"

"I meant what I said," declared Kalispel, bluntly, as if his word had been questioned.

"You'll be my friend—my brother—as Dick was?"

"No. I reckon I didn't mean that."

"What then?"

"Didn't Dick intend to marry you?"

"Yes."

"Wal, that's what I meant."

"You'd *marry* me—Kal?" she cried.

"Why, shore. What kind of a hombre do you take me for?"

"You are the most wonderful. . . . But, Kal, you're in love with Sydney Blair!"

"I reckon I was, tolerable. But when she dared me to come over an' see her in Leavitt's arms—an' I took that dare— Wal, it all died, pronto."

"Oh, Kal, *she* wouldn't—she couldn't do such a thing."

"The hell she wouldn't," flashed Kalispel, stung by the memory. "She did do it. I saw Leavitt kiss her."

"Oh, she must have been driven."

"WAL, I don't care a whoop whether she was or not," declared Kalispel bitterly. "It hurt, an' it showed me a lot. You'll oblige me, Ruth, by not alludin' to that again."

"Forgive me. I never will. . . . But Kal, do you think Dick meant for you to marry me?"

"Shore he did. How else could a man take care of you?"

"Very well, then," she replied, with a dangerous softness. "I won't marry you."

"Why not?"

"I won't, that's all," she rejoined, and averted her agitated face.

"Ah-huh. Wal, shore I'm no match for Sydney Blair or for *you*, either. No honest, fine young fellow like Dick!"

"Kal Emerson!" she flashed, and turned with an angry blaze of eyes.

"Shore. Kal Emerson! Bad hombre! Tough cowboy! Rustler! Gun-slinger! All-around desperado who no woman at all would be wife to!" ejaculated Kalispel in sincere scorn of himself. This emotion, no doubt, was in part the sickening aftermath of a fatal gun fight.

"Don't lie that way about yourself," she retorted. "You're Western and you're great, Kal Emerson. I won't have you demean yourself to me."

"Never mind my promise to Dick. I'd have asked you to marry me anyhow."

"Oh, Kal! Don't— God knows it's hard to refuse—"

"Wal, why won't you?"

"Because I love you," she cried, passionately.

(To be continued next week)

"Put that engine down before I smack ya one!" *Fred Neher*

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The Bigger They Are—

Continued from page 9

then prowled the provinces, attacking each other in spectacular fashion. There were Dr. B. F. Roller, Tom Jenkins, Gus Schoenlein, known as "Americus," Prof. M. J. Dwyer, Dan McLeod, Yussiff Mahmout, known as "The Terrible Turk," Fred Beall, inventor of a defensive gesture that still keeps his name alive, Charlie Cutler, and a long list of others.

Above them all shone a wiry Iowa farmer, Frank Gotch.

He bore the title of American Champion.

Europe contemporaneously boasted a magnificently muscled champion with the face and the body of a god. They called him George Hackenschmidt, "The Russian Lion."

A Slippery Title

Gotch and Hackenschmidt met twice in Chicago in 1908 and 1909 in what, at this distance, can truly be called the real world series of wrestling. In the first match, held in Dexter Park Pavilion April 3, 1908, Hackenschmidt quit after two hours of punishment. The second, in early September, 1909, was staged in the White Sox baseball park. Almost 40,000 people paid the record wrestling gate of all time, $90,000, to see what was probably the poorest contest in all history. The Russian limped in with an ankle seriously damaged in training and quit again after a few ineffectual gestures.

This left Gotch in undisputed possession of the world's championship.

It would take two Philadelphia lawyers and a Chicago district attorney to figure where that championship is now, but this is the way it started to descend from old Frank Gotch, who unquestionably had it.

Gotch, in failing health, retired in 1914, handing the title to Charlie Cutler as a gift. Cutler lost it in 1915 to Joe Stecher, a rugged young Nebraskan who boasted such strength in his legs that he could and often did burst a sack of oats with the pressure of his knees. Stecher lost the crown in 1917 to Earl Caddock, another western giant, but the bugles pealed and Caddock enlisted. Returning from France more or less rusted athletically, Caddock lost to Stecher in a return match in 1920.

Stecher's famous body-scissors availed him little, however, when later the same year he matched it for the title against the skull-crushing head-lock of a burly gentleman whose real name was Robert Fredericks, but who wrestled and who still wrestles under the professional billing of Ed "Strangler" Lewis.

But the title was slippery. Lewis barely got his hands on it before he lost it to the Polish giant Stanislaus Zbyszko. In a return match, however, he won it right back and proceeded to cling to it until 1925.

In that year, in a theater of Kansas City, Lewis was toying with a huge, ex-football player from the University of Nebraska, an American Legion hero and a tremendous physical giant whose name was Wayne Munn. Munn didn't know much wrestling, but he was as strong as the Bull of Bashan and, finally becoming annoyed at the way Mr. Lewis was teasing him, he picked up the 240-pound champion and forward-passed him, football fashion, into the third row of seats beyond the orchestra pit. The fall so shook Mr. Lewis that he was unable to continue, and Munn took the title by default.

Munn, however, had little but size. He fell easy prey to Old Man Zbyszko in less than a month. Stecher promptly recaptured the crown from Zbyszko and held it until 1928 when Strangler Lewis came into the picture again by flattening Stecher in a match that lasted almost all night, St. Louis being the scene of the encounter.

It was January 5th of the next year, 1929, that Lewis was ironed flat to the canvas by the famous Sonnenberg flying tackle.

Then came the complications.

Wrestling had wasted away like a tadpole's tail between the era of Gotch and the arrival of Sonnenberg. Faked bouts and dull matches had killed public interest. It had been laughed into the doldrums in New York City when a press agent got drunk the day before a show and sent all the next night's winners around to the newspapers by mistake.

Generally speaking, wrestling was operated by two mutually distrustful circuits or "wheels." The so-called western wheel was headquartered in Chicago and its master-mind was Billy Sandow, the manager of Lewis. It covered the Middle West, the South as far as Tulsa, Oklahoma, went as far west as Los Angeles, and had an eastern toe hold in Boston.

The eastern wheel, operating principally in New York and Philadelphia, with affiliations in Chicago and making occasional forays as far west as St. Louis, was headed by the New York promoter, Jack Curley. This particular wheel was in a sad state of repair when the Sonnenberg phenomenon occurred. Strangler Lewis had dominated the picture too often and too long, and the Strangler was the opposition's front man.

Sonnenberg's arrival upon a wave of thundering publicity and a regular flood tide of fresh gate receipts seemed to be the finishing blow so far as they were concerned, for Gus had broken in on and was operating in the western wheel and was now an even greater attraction than Lewis.

Choose Your Champion

But it was Sonnenberg himself who gave them sudden life, just when it appeared that he had put them in their graves.

In the first flush of his championship, he crossed all precedent by barging right into the enemy territory and signing right into the enemy territory and signing to meet one of their wrestlers in a championship match.

Then, for reasons never fully explained, he backed right out again and refused to go through with the struggle. The Pennsylvania Athletic Commission promptly declared his title vacant as far as Pennsylvania was concerned and got the New York and Illinois commissions, with which it had working agreements, to concur.

The Pennsylvania body then ordered a tournament held in order to determine "Sonnenberg's successor to the title." The western-wheelers, who hadn't been operating in the territory anyway, ignored the invitation in a body. Such relics of the eastern wheel as remained and some hurriedly mustered recruits entered, and after a family round robin and a few subsequent matches they finally evolved as "champion" the somewhat venerable but still gorgeous-looking Greek, Jim Londos.

This gave the world two "champions." Londos was the officially recognized title-holder in New York and Philadelphia. Illinois, after an ineffectual

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

effort to make the various pretenders and contenders wrestle it out, had barred the sport from the state entirely. Sonnenberg was billed and generally recognized as champion in all the rest of the country with the exception of a part of the state of Ohio where a third wrestler, John Pesek, claimed that *he* was really the champion because Strangler Lewis had refused to honor his challenge one time when he had the belt.

Sonnenberg lost his title in 1931 to Ed Don George, a University of Michigan product, in Los Angeles, who was promptly trapped a month later by the same old Strangler Lewis. Lewis was beaten three weeks later in Montreal by the Frenchman, Henri DeGlane. At least, Lewis was disqualified for biting DeGlane. Lewis loudly protested that DeGlane bit himself, but the title officially passed just the same and, as nearly as anybody can trace it, it's the selfsame title that Frank Gotch once held. DeGlane, therefore, seems to have the best technical claim to the billing.

But all sorts of things happened right after that match. For one, Londos broke with the eastern wheel and went out on his own, still claiming the championship. Lewis split with his long-time manager, Sandow, jumped the western wheel and joined forces with Mr. Curley's eastern loop.

The venerable Strangler promptly challenged Londos, whom he had beaten something like thirteen times when they were members of the same union years ago, and Londos refused to honor the challenge. The New York State Athletic Commission therefore ruled Londos null and void and, after a bout which Lewis won, declared him the world's champion so far as it is concerned.

So, at the hour of leaping to press, the championship box score is this: Henri DeGlane is the champion of Boston and certain points west, Strangler Lewis is the champion of New York City, Jim Londos is champion of Philadelphia, and John Pesek the champion of Columbus, Ohio. I believe Mr. Sandow is calling a Mr. Everett Marshall the champion of something or other, and there may be a few other unreported champions hiding somewhere and ready to leap into the spotlight.

Each hero bravely bills himself as "Champion of the World," and there's no sign of their getting together and settling the matter.

The strange part of it is that the fans don't seem to care. They patronize the shows just the same. There are twenty-one first-class wrestling centers operating regularly in the United States and Canada, and probably a thousand smaller towns that hold a show at least twice a month.

Boxing Takes a Fall

Box-office sharps now call wrestling the third biggest sports industry, only college football and major-league baseball outdrawing it. Its record modern gate is the $78,000 Sonnenberg and Lewis drew in their championship match of 1929. That doesn't touch the $90,000 take of Gotch and Hackenschmidt in 1908 but, considering the game as a whole, for every dollar taken in then a hundred have come rattling across the counter each year for the last four or five years.

There are three reasons:

The first was Sonnenberg, or at least the introduction of the Sonnenberg technique. He brought a new idea—the quick, killing finish, and a slam-bang style that, disregarding all the orthodox holds and most of the established rules, comes very, very close to rough-and-tumble fighting.

The second was the way the pugilists, having educated the public to wild scenes of sensational slugging in the days of Dempsey and Firpo, let the crowd down suddenly and completely with a sour series of fouls and flabby contests, leaving them with a biting hunger, which the suddenly rabid wrestlers blithely proceeded to appease.

The third is the extreme cleverness with which the promoters have picked their modern troupes and have staged their modern shows. Most of them could qualify for directorships in Hollywood. Each troupe contains, as has been explained, a champion. He's usually graceful, good-looking and slightly smaller than the rest. He is surrounded by a supporting cast of giants. Each is famous for some particular and spectacular hold.

One will be celebrated for his "airplane whirl," consisting of lifting an opponent bodily, holding him at arm's-length over the head, turning round and round until he is dizzy and then slamming him full force from that height upon the flat of his back. Another specializes in the "roll-over scissors." This consists of locking the legs around the stomach of an opponent and rolling around the floor with him until he's divorced from all breath. There are other refinements and variations, including, always, of course, Mr. Sonnenberg's copyrighted "flying tackle," which is really a headlong butt to the pit of the stomach, kidneys or small of the back. Calling the thing a tackle is poetic license.

Is It on the Level?

There's always comic relief, afforded by some very serious foreign gentleman of ferocious mien and mountainous build. He works the fans into a frenzy by getting insulted, protesting to the referee some obviously fair tactic of his opponent, then openly resorting to some dirty tricks of his own and getting flattened in the end while the crowd goes wild.

Each troupe has a professional "hard guy," who slugs and boasts and blusters, sticks his fingers in the mouths or eyes of opponents, pulls hair, endeavors to apply the forbidden strangle-hold, and who frequently gets embroiled with the referee, even disarranging that gentleman's clothing or knocking him out of the ring in some incidental fashion.

The rules have been stretched to the farthest point of elasticity in order that these playful giants may go almost to the limit of the old-time barroom rough-and-tumble. And does the crowd love it? Well, there's the financial report.

Is it on the level?

Who can say but the wrestlers themselves, and they, naturally, say "Yes."

If it isn't, they're better actors than John Barrymore and closer-mouthed than the Sphinx.

Certain agencies and individuals have tried to establish the fact that it's all just an act, and have crashed into embarrassment when the proving time came. You may have your suspicions about wrestling but try and prove anything.

A Three-Act Drama

And that brings up, perhaps, the most remarkable part of it all: That's the fact that the fans have heard all these stories many, many times but still flock to the shows just the same. It's an education to watch a wrestling crowd in a good wrestling town. They seem to know the routine of the performance perfectly, and their actions will tell a novice exactly when it's time to start moving.

The drama is almost always staged in three parts. In the first, the eventual winner takes the aggressive and exerts his superiority in clean, gentlemanly fashion. He ignores the off-color tricks of his brutish opponent and wins the crowd to his side by his speed, skill and sportsmanship.

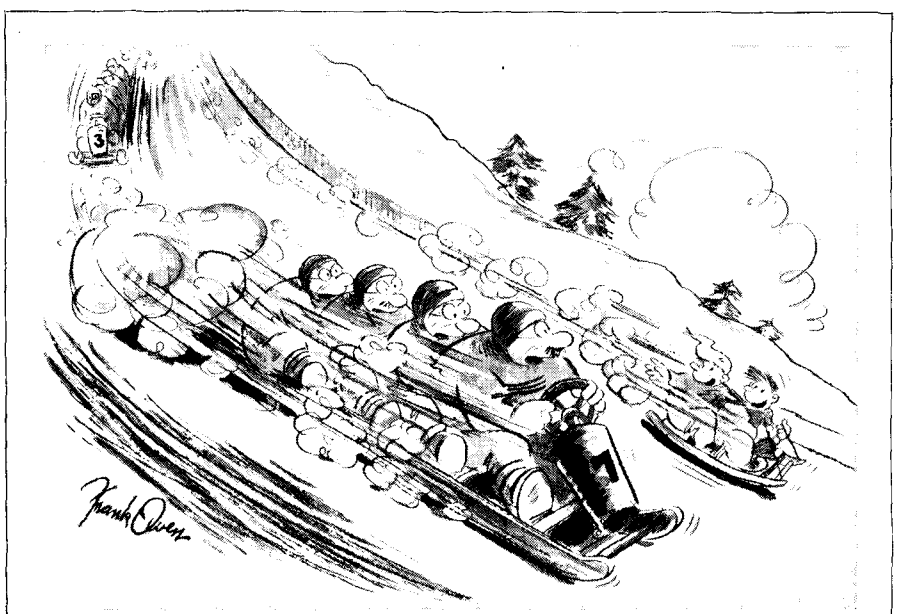
The second phase sees the star of the rough-neck opponent slowly going into ascendancy. Our hero fights back and the battle is fairly even, but the dirty tactics of the enemy are beginning to tell. The third phase begins with the eventual winner slowly getting in a bad way from the viciousness and unorthodoxy of the enemy. He's butted out of the ring, or savagely rabbit-punched or perhaps kneed or badly crippled with a leg spread or some such.

Just as the thing has gone about as far as it humanly can, with the crowd booing the rough guy and voicing sympathy for his exhausted victim, the victim suddenly comes off the floor with a terrific flying tackle and knocks the other guy colder than forty quarts of ice cream.

The significant thing is that the big city crowd starts reaching for its hats and overcoats just as soon as the favorite looks absolutely all in. They seem to know from experience that that heralds the end of the show. Yet they all come back next week and most of 'em bring a friend.

Why?

Because whatever it is or isn't, it's a sensational thing to watch. Since the football influence shook it up and made it fast, and the promoters leavened it with some rough and salty humor, it's a hard-boiled and hilarious evening for anybody any time.



"Step on it, you mugs, we got a dime bet on you!" *Frank Owen*

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Up and Down with Sam Insull

Continued from page 21

the wide seas of promotion. When the United States was swept into the war Insull's career moved into this other phase—its final one.

The war brought problems to American communities—problems of fuel, food, economies, labor, the reinforcements behind the lines. To handle these, state councils of defense were organized. In Illinois, Frank O. Lowden, the war governor, appointed Insull chairman of the Illinois State Council of Defense. This work produced an extraordinary effect upon Insull. Up to now he had, with severe discipline, minded his own business. Now he found himself, with furious energy, minding the community's business. He got a patriotic thrill out of it.

A Modern Midas

He did an extraordinary job as war council chairman. Possessing the soul of a dictator, it was natural that Insull was the first to suggest rigid food and fuel control later adopted by the President. The vision of a community drastically regimented, perfectly managed, appealed to his imagination.

He bent to his task with appetite. In other states the councils of defense got appropriations ranging from $100,000 to $5,000,000. In Illinois Insull got an appropriation of $50,000 and spent none of it. Instead, he turned it back to the state plus a profit of another $300,000. People said it was too bad Insull didn't have the management of the war—he could have paid a dividend on it. The council sold seed corn and made $150,000. It ran a patriotic war show on the lake front and made $300,000. Insull put on a patriotic food show and cleared $8,000. He published a patriotic cook book, sold 300,000 copies, and made $7,000. His food show was copied by 250 other communities.

When the war was over he was loaded with praises. These were pleasant to his ears. He looked himself over and found that he was good. And with some reason. Chicago shared the view. One of the casualties of the war was the rich Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company. It had luxuriated in easy profits for decades. It had grown fat, languid and dull. The war sent up the prices of coal and oil and labor. The company clamored for higher rates. But its old sins and its bad manners pressed upon it.

At this point an error, which in the long chronicles of human stupidity must hold a high place, helped to crush it. The $3,000,000 profit of 1915 had become a deficit of $1,366,988 in 1918. But relief was utterly impossible because of the hatred in which the company was held because of one piece of unmitigated folly: Its billing department fell into the slovenly habit of sending out wrong bills—hundreds of thousands of them. People cried out in impatience and then anger. The false bills continued to come. Complaints were met with indifference and even insolence. This persisted for more than a year. When the company asked for higher rates the Illinois Commission responded by lowering the rates. This meant approaching bankruptcy.

In its desperate plight it appealed to Samuel Insull to assume its management. He had been on the board for some years, but he had no authority. Now the miracle man was asked to save the sinking corporation. Insull took the presidency of the $85,000,000 corporation in 1919. He subjected it to a drastic reorganization. He went through it with an axe. He ended the unbelievable era of false billing, restored the company's credit, scrapped its antiquated plants for modern ones, got its rates readjusted, reëstablished it in the good graces of Chicago, and made it prosperous again.

Since 1913 he had dominated the rapid transit situation. The four elevated companies had grave financial difficulties. Each line charged a separate fare. The Lake Street line owed Insull immense sums for electrical interests. Later he brought about a consolidation of the four lines. He put into effect a single fare. He improved service. People praised his management. Thus, by 1919 he was the master—the autocrat of the electric light and power, the gas and the rapid transit facilities of Chicago, and of the light, power, traction and in many cases the water of most of Illinois.

With the war out of the way he resumed building his Middle West Utilities. He began acquiring other holding companies all over the country. In 1919 the Middle West had 6,000 stockholders. By 1923 he had increased the number to 50,000. In 1919 it was earning around $10,000,000 a year. By 1923 these earnings were $36,000,000. The number of customers had doubled. And it was serving 772 communities.

Now came the new era of Calvin Coolidge—that amazing period during which the nation floated upward on a cushion of speculative air. Suddenly the hitherto unsolved mystery of credit seemed to be solved, and America discovered how to tap the golden reservoirs of the future and spend in a single year the income of a dozen years. The whole people—tradesmen and teachers, capitalists and clerks, preachers, politicians, workers, men, women and office boys rushed into the twenty-three stock markets of the country and wagered the savings of the past and the future upon the proposition that prosperity would last forever.

Of course Insull, who had produced five millions from his hat with a few little Indiana utilities in 1912, now a master magician, produced hundreds of millions in stocks and bonds for the infatuated and uninformed investors of America to buy.

Politics and Charity

By this time Insull had become a god—not a tin god, but a flesh and blood financial deity who sat in isolated grandeur and power remote from the business world of Chicago, which bowed before him. Bankers rubbed their hands with glee when Mr. Insull deigned to borrow money from them. The newspapers vied with one another in proclaiming his story. Nothing had ever appeared in America so much like one of those great earls who ruled in England in the days before the Magna Charta. The inevitable sneering newspaper reporter sourly observed that "it was worth a million dollars to any man to be seen talking to Sam Insull in front of the Continental Bank."

In politics Insull was a Republican. But in business he played the parties across the board. On the Democratic side Roger Sullivan had been one of his few intimates, and when Sullivan died, Insull made friends with Sullivan's successor, Brennan. While he was ladling out money to various Republican candidates, he rang up Brennan during one campaign, for instance, and insisted on sending him a check.

In business Insull was utterly with-

(Continued on page 42)

Write your own income

$200. a month

[or any other amount]

The Equitable will guarantee it!

If you want to retire on a guaranteed income of $100, $150, $200 or more every month as long as you live, just write the amount you desire on the coupon below and The Equitable will show you a simple, practical way to secure it.

Some men say, "I *wish* I could retire" but they never *do anything* to accumulate the necessary cash reserve. The Equitable's plan makes it easy for you to *do something* that will accumulate the necessary amount and guarantee its scientific re-distribution to you over your remaining life time.

Make *your* wish a reality. Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. You will receive a booklet of retirement income facts. Select the plan that fits your wishes. An Equitable representative will give you additional information should you desire it.

Remember this one important thing: An Equitable Retirement Annuity will guarantee you a check every month as long as you live, beginning at the age you designate. Remember also that this check will represent a *larger* yearly return on your cash accumulation and a greater degree of freedom from money worries than you could get from any other equally safe program. You are invited to fill out the coupon, now.

The Retirement Annuity is but one of the many forms of Self-Income and Life Insurance service available through The Equitable.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR—JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
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SOCIETY
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OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the U. S. 32C.
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393 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me information about a Retirement Annuity for $.....a month.

NAME ..... AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

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"She had tried everything to clear her skin!"

"Skin eruptions usually reflect internal disorders," says Dr. Bravo.

DR. BRAVO, the eminent Spanish skin specialist, says, *"Then I prescribed Yeast"

HERE'S a typical example of how fresh yeast acts to correct bad skin. It's one of many cases from the records of Dr. Julio Bravo, of Madrid, member of the Spanish Academy of Dermatology:—

"Last year," (says Dr. Bravo) "an actress came to consult me with a stubborn skin disorder of the face.

"She told me she had tried all sorts of remedies. As the patient was chronically constipated, I advised yeast . . . three times a day.

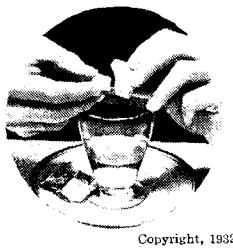
"In a short time her condition improved and the skin eruptions were arrested. Yeast greatly benefited her health."

There's no magic about yeast. It simply has remarkable powers to stimulate and cleanse the system . . . ridding it of the poisons that lead to complexion blemishes, headaches, that "run-down" feeling, etc. Fresh yeast actually strengthens the muscles of the intestinal tract.

It's really so simple . . . won't you try it? It's not a drug or medicine, you know, but a remarkable purifying *food*—rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

Grocers, restaurants and soda fountains sell Fleischmann's Yeast. Directions are on the label. Eat 3 cakes every day.

DR. HYNEK, noted authority of the University of Bratislava, states: "Fresh yeast is universally recommended by doctors for certain common . . . skin troubles."



***IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise.

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(Continued from page 41)

out sentiment. He was always an ardent Britisher, in spite of the fact that he spent a lot of money on so-called Americanization plans. But while Big Bill Thompson ranged Chicago, threatening to "bust King George in the snoot," the loyal Briton gladly supported his campaign. Insull was a confirmed prohibitionist. He had gotten his views from his parents with his religion. He boasted that never a drop of intoxicating liquor passed his lips. But he had plenty of liquor available for business conferences, and while with one hand he subscribed a hundred thousand dollars to build a wing in the Temperance Hospital of London, with the other he passed out checks liberally to finance Mayor Thompson, who was proclaiming that he "would make Chicago as wet as the Atlantic Ocean."

His political alliances did not always prosper, at least so far as his allies were concerned. Roy West, his Illinois paymaster, was named as Secretary of the Interior by Calvin Coolidge, with great authority over the government's power sites. But the Senate refused to confirm him. Frank Smith was elected senator from Illinois by the aid of Insull's money. But he too was thrown out by the Senate. In the end Len Small and Big Bill Thompson and Cook and Insull, in the midst of a big utility-political deal, ran afoul of a popular uprising and all were defeated.

Insull became a prodigal giver to all good causes. His offices were besieged by citizens asking alms on the grand scale. Does the Cardinal want a new playground? Mr. Insull will arrange it. Does a hospital or asylum or some civic crusade need funds or prestige? Sam Insull will lend his name and his wallet. Chicago's opera falls on evil days. There is no money for the exacting divas and tenors. Insull is appealed to to save the opera. He has always had a weakness for the stage. So he answers the call. Under his inspiration there grew the dream of a great Civic Opera, and in the fullness of time that magnificent building rose on Wacker Drive at a cost of $20,000,000.

Insull himself began to live upon an imperial scale. He had beautiful offices in the Peoples Gas Building where he spent his mornings. He had a magnificent suite of heavily paneled rooms in the Commonwealth Edison Building where he spent his afternoons. After four o'clock he could be found in his suite on the forty-fourth floor of the Opera Building. Private elevators took you to all these chambers. The opera-house suite was apartment as well as office. There were numerous rooms and four baths, all grouped around a spacious central room called the "directors' room" but equipped with a grand piano as well as a directors' table. Here artists from the opera company were received and delightful parties held. There was a wealth of costly furniture and a vast carved fireplace brought from England. A cook and butler were always in attendance.

Country Squire and Traveler

He had, over many years, built up a baronial estate at Libertyville—4,300 acres of park and real farm. There he played out the rôle of the squire. Libertyville was called a one-man town. As one local commentator observed, the people there "built homes on Insull real estate, sent to an Insull school children born in an Insull hospital, used Insull light, cooked with Insull gas, traveled on an Insull road, saved in an Insull bank and played golf on an Insull golf course."

But toward the last years the rôle of country squire was more or less abandoned for that of the Chicago Mæcenas. There was one little theatrical episode which it is said Insull did not like. His wife had been an actress. Now she decided to revive her career. She rented a Chicago theater, engaged a repertory company and appeared as Lady Teazle in the School for Scandal. Chicago society of course turned out to support Mrs. Insull's ambitions, and Insull himself dutifully appeared in a box. The adventure cost him some $250,000 before it was ended. But he spent a good deal of the time of its run in England.

He liked to go to England. He was a member of several clubs there. It is said he made a number of trips to London just to walk the old streets he had known as a youth. At any rate, he crossed the ocean over seventy times before he made the last gloomy trip to Paris in flight from his crumbling empire.

Here is food for melancholy meditation in the mental and spiritual deformities which grow in a man's nature when power and profit begin to handle it. If Insull was never truly a socially minded citizen—even put him down as an unpleasant and colorless one—he was at least an able executive in whose mind order amounted to a kind of dim morality. But now he was transformed into a man of schemes. A reporter went to his nest atop the Opera House one afternoon. It was near twilight. Dim lights filled the spacious, paneled sanctum of the great magnate with a kind of monastery gloom, with long shadows and just a bright circle of light over the table behind which the white-haired Insull sat. He was in a mellow mood.

A Nightly Miracle

This led the reporter to frankness which Insull seldom tolerated from anyone. The reporter told him that men were beginning to speak harshly of him. Insull bade him to speak freely. The reporter looked around inquiringly at the huge oaken door which stood open leading into a room where others were talking. As he looked he saw the door move slowly on its great hinges and close almost noiselessly. Since Insull's departure others have found secret panels in other Insull offices, and doors that close and open by themselves.

From the windows of this soaring penthouse he could look out over that amazing city which, under the building and planning of Chicago's odd assortment of millionaires—some forward-looking social dreamers, others medieval sack-coated barbarians—had grown, at least in spots, to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. "I saw him standing at his window one night," said a Chicago banker to me, "looking out over the city as it sank into darkness and the millions of electric lights from his marvelous power stations began to flood the whole scene. Insull was usually in that office as darkness settled on Chicago. As I looked at him I felt sure he chose the evening hour there in order to see this nightly miracle. And when I went home I observed that Sam Insull looked at the moment as if he felt how wonderful it was to have this vast, incredible Chicago in his vest pocket."

Why do not men like Insull pause when they have so much? Because pause is often impossible. In 1925 Insull moved the frontiers of his empire into the East—a dangerous proceeding. Yet that, like so many other steps he took, was part of the inexorable logic of his growth. Away back in the first year of the Middle West he bought some Illinois properties. To get them he had to take the whole bundle, and in it was a small group in Vermont and New Hampshire called the Twin States Gas and Electric Company. He had no intention of entering New England. But being thus in, he felt it necessary to build up these properties. After a time he had acquired others and soon had enough to form the New England Public Service Company.

Approaching the Climax

Then, in 1925, an old operator, Albert Emanuel, and his able and audacious young son, Victor Emanuel, formed the National Electric Power Company, with properties in the East. They also had some in New England. Insull felt he would like to get these New England properties. He began to negotiate with the Emanuels. In the end he took over the whole National Electric Power Company. Now he was definitely in the East. So he proceeded to build it up in accordance with his theory of mass production and super-power.

As 1929 drew to its close, Insull, a veritable industrial emperor, ruling his domain with an iron hand, controlled not only the light and power and gas and rapid transit facilities of Chicago and Illinois, its politics, its social life, its civic activities, but he dominated the light and power and water and transportation facilities of five thousand American communities. Thousands of people in Chicago had money invested in one or more of his enterprises. His stockholders, besides, were scattered all over the country. The Middle West and its subsidiaries alone had over 275,000 stockholders and 160,000 bondholders. He ruled properties valued at more than two and one half billion dollars.

As for the people of Chicago, they rushed to put up their money whenever Mr. Insull put out a new issue of stock in any of his great companies. No device known to promotion was omitted in pressing this activity. Banking houses sold the bonds. Several financial subsidiaries offered the stock. Stocks were urged upon employees and, while they were not apparently obliged to buy them, they were under an unostentatious pressure which they could not resist. Employees were called upon to sell stocks to their friends and acquaintances. The man who called to inspect your wiring or to fix your gas connections or look over your gas stove tried to sell you a few shares before he left the house. Customer ownership campaigns were pressed in every city, and the millions rolled in with unfailing regularity every year.

Then in the summer of 1929 something seemed to infect this high-geared organism with languor. Underneath the hectic and raging surface of speculation certain foci of weakness began to assert their baleful influence. They were not noticed by the men who preferred to be blind. No man shut his eyes to them more resolutely than Samuel Insull, who believed profoundly that the era of prosperity would never halt.

The climax was approaching. But instead of preparing for it, he was making ready for that magnificent and almost barbaric pageantry which, with mock irony, marked the last scene in the gaudy chronicle of the Insull saga. The great Chicago Civic Opera House, built under Insull's direction, costing twenty million dollars, towering forty-five stories above the Chicago River on Wacker Drive, was ready for its opening. It was the last week of October, 1929. The attentive ear might have heard the rustling of the winds of the coming storm stirring through all parts of our rushing business machine. But Insull was utterly absorbed with the opening of the great opera house.

That week the blow struck Wall Street. The great crash of 1929 sent stocks tumbling in terrifying confusion. But Insull, the prophet of the new era, felt it was just a pause in the long trail

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up. On the night of November 4th Chicago witnessed the gaudiest spectacle since that night in 1889 when the President and Vice President of the United States journeyed to the Queen City to attend the opening of the opera in the old Auditorium.

Long lines of limousines rolled up to the colonnaded façade of the Opera House, discharging the ermine- and brocade- and velvet-clad women. The golden horseshoe inside the vast proscenium arch, glittering with jewels, awaited the rising of the curtain. The center of that gala throng, in his box like a monarch, was Samuel Insull. In the fever and rush of that glorious day he had hardly had time to note that a wave of selling had carried his stocks down again that day. It was his hour of triumph, the supreme moment of his life. It marked the crest of his long ascent. Thereafter he would travel down, slowly, haltingly at first, then more swiftly and then with an appalling plunge into the depths.

There remains only to describe the technique of the depression as it hacked away at the towering structure of cards which Insull had built.

The fourth of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.

How They Manage It

Continued from page 24

provided, he goes right on doing these desirable things automatically. Hotels are no spree to him.

To many a woman, on the contrary, hotels are an opportunity to do all the wild, free things that can't be done under her own roof. She leaves for the maid everything that can be left without making the room uncomfortable for herself in the meantime. She throws powder around like confetti at a wedding. She wipes her shoes with the towel and takes the tissue home. If the same lady would only think of these aberrations next time the sight of ashes on the rug moves her to say what she thinks of men, she might be more lenient.

Understanding—that's one of the most important things we who keep house on a small scale might learn from these women of big business who have raised our job to the dignity of a profession.

Mrs. Mazarin understands because she has a philosophy that gives her serenity. She never hurries or worries. She's detached enough to see clearly at all times. She says she got it from having her first baby at sixteen—and being left a widow at twenty-six with five to support.

Mrs. Brigham understands because she began as a teacher who was more interested in her own study of the pupils than in any study she conducted officially.

Miss Barnes understands because she started as a stenographer—and what girl of that ilk doesn't know more about her boss than he guesses about himself? Also, she's Scotch and shrewd, with a dash of Irish fun.

But this doesn't quite explain it. All three of these women worked at their understanding. They made it a part of the job. Successful wives will smile at this point. They've served their apprenticeship, too.

But such knowledge is incommunicable. If we lack it, we mayn't even know where we're missing out. On the practical side we may be more receptive. So here goes for some housekeeping hints from the top of the tree:

In choosing sheets, says Mrs. Brigham, if you haven't a "count glass" to determine the fineness and evenness of the weave, examine both sides. If one is smoother and shinier than the other, try rubbing a corner of the sheet over a dark surface. If powdery flakes fall out, the sheet is heavily "sized" or weighted. After washing, there will be shrinkage, limpness, and lack of gloss. Most sheets shrink five per cent of their length, but these are apt to lose twice as much. First-quality percale, though more expensive, is the best bet in the end.

Underslips keep pillows clean, Miss Barnes tells us. Pillowcases made of tubing will give longer wear than those with seams. Pillows that have grown hard can be fluffed out if air is forced into them through a special attachment that comes with some vacuum cleaners. Mattresses that are vacuum-dusted each week stay soft longer. Blankets should be judged not by weight but by closeness of weave. Hold them toward the window. If the light doesn't come through, the cold won't either.

Mrs. Mazarin adjures us not to expect a house servant or a cleaner by the day to do a good job if she isn't supplied with the proper tools. Give your worker a good vacuum cleaner, adding an electric polisher if you have large uncovered areas of floor. Buy a sufficient variety of brushes so that fine ones aren't worn out doing rough work. Get a big, boxed roll of cheesecloth, so there'll always be adequate dusters, instead of using old rags, and see that these dusters are washed out. In a house or a duplex apartment, keep supplies on both floors, and be sure your closet space is such that the equipment isn't damaged when stored. In hard-water sections, see that water softeners are used. These reduce both plumbing and soap bills.

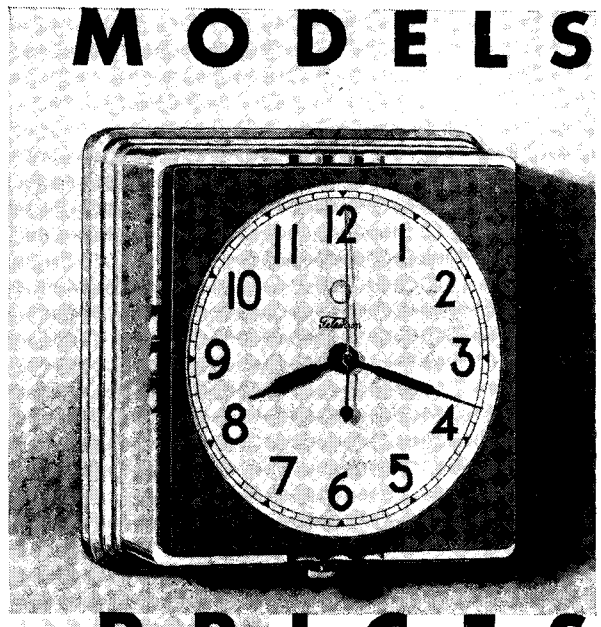
On the Carpet

If you have a carpeted room, get the covering retightened every so often. Loose carpets wear out quickly. Avoid seams where traffic is heavy. Figured carpet looks best laid with the pile toward the light. Plain carpet is better the other way—spots and pile-crushes show up less. Small halls seem wider with very narrow margins or none at all. Both carpets and rugs wear three times as long when laid over one of the new resilient linings.

Get the Government Bulletin on Stain Removal from the Government Printing Office in Washington. It describes nearly one hundred ways of removing stains—cheap at the price—ten cents in silver. In the meantime, wall paper may be cleaned of small spots with art gum, on large surfaces with stale bread or a special dough-like preparation sold at hardware stores. Newly washed painted walls keep clean longer if given a final coat of boiled starch; most of the dirt comes off easily with the starch at the next washing. Carbon tetrachloride, noninflammable and for sale in bulk, is the favorite hotel cleaning fluid for fabrics.

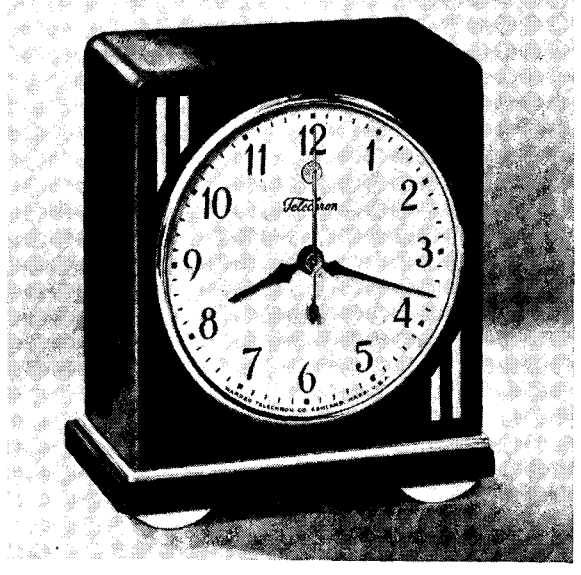
It isn't likely you'll ever have to keep a family of 3,000 happy—though stranger things have happened—but if every reader were resolved to run her own little private hotel along the lines herein laid down by New York's Big Three executive housekeepers, this Presidential year would have something even more important to crow over than the return of beer.

NEW MODELS



CONSORT—*A new design for bathroom or kitchen wall. To time a shave or batch of biscuits! Chrome metal case with moulded front in green, ivory, or white.* $4.75 *5¾ in. across.*

NEW PRICES



DUKE—*a clever little clock for bookcase, desk or dressing-table. 4⅜ in. high. Lustrous black composition case with gold-plated feet and trim. Only* $3.95

RIGHT ON TIME FOR Christmas!

CHRISTMAS lists are long and budgets a bit short. But good taste forbids gifts that look "cheap." What to do?

You'll find three easy answers in the pictures and prices above and below, but don't let prices fool you! Genuine Telechron Clocks never sold for so little before. They're made to the same traditional standards that made Telechron famous. They're worthy in every way of your closest friend or richest uncle!

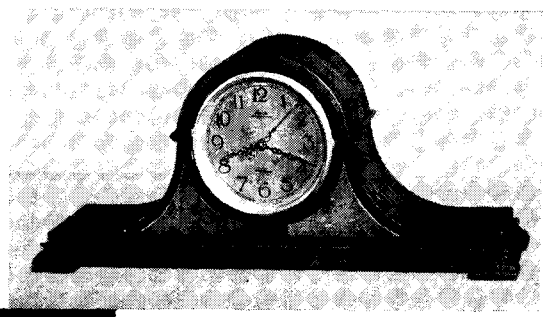
Telechron, of course, is the pioneer *self-starting*, synchronous electric clock. Plugged into an A.C. outlet, it starts itself and teams with the Telechron Master Clock in the power house to deliver *true* time to any one who needs it—and who doesn't?

Christmas is just around the corner. So is a Telechron dealer. He has a richly varied stock to show you, ranging in price from $3.95 to $17.50.

The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures strike and chime clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $21.50 to $660.

WARREN TELECHRON CO.
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

THE REVERE CLOCK CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO



Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

R-608—*Case of finest Honduras mahogany, Sheraton Colonial design. 20½ in. wide. Mellow Westminster Chimes* $37

With auxiliary movement which runs through possible current interruptions, $42

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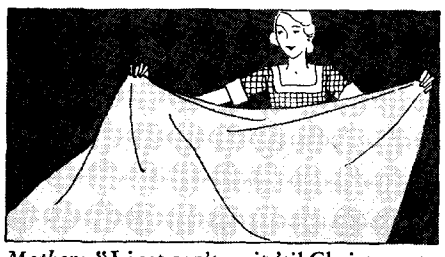
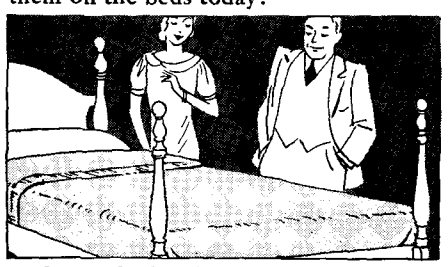
Nashua Blankets

MEAN A MERRIER CHRISTMAS



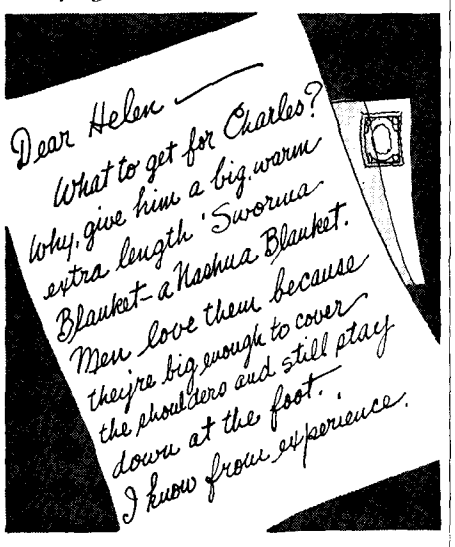
Mother: "I just can't wait 'til Christmas to give John and Junior these big warm Nashua Blankets! . . . I'm going to put them on the beds today!"



Father: "7½ feet long? Mm-m . . . what a blanket *that* is! . . . I guess that will cover my feet and keep my shoulders warm at the same time!"

Father: "I feel great this morning. Slept like a top . . . That new blanket is great—I stretched full length, yet it covered me completely!"

Son: "You sure did give us nice presents, Mom . . . that extra long blanket is mighty satisfying."


Dear Helen —
What to get for Charles?
Why, give him a big warm extra length 'Sworma Blanket—a Nashua Blanket.
Men love them because they're big enough to cover the shoulders and still stay down at the foot.
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Wings of Fame

Continued from page 15

"We think you belong to police. People tell us police now have flying machines."

"You are hiding from the police?"

"The papa—he kill somebody, long time ago. He come along this way. People in settlement know. Police don't know. He go back once, to take away his woman. We get born, in the woods. When we are men, we go and get women, too."

Marnier nodded, for he had suspected something of the sort from their reluctance. Jack now talked willingly enough. They went out only once a year, to buy garments and food. They sold their furs to a cruising buyer.

"Listen, Jack, I must leave soon."

"Got a woman somewhere?"

"Not exactly." The pilot sought to explain.

"I get you," Jack nodded. "Plenty of fun, but mad all the time. My first woman, she was like that. I sent her away. New one very nice. Never say anything, only 'Yes, Jack.' When the priest come to christen Indians, two years ago, I get married." He shrugged. "The papa, he say you are not police, tell us to take you away when you wanted to go. But Marie, she raise hell. She wants you."

"I see," Marnier murmured. He thought this over a while, then resumed the conversation: "How long will she want to keep me? Or, better, how long will you men allow her to keep me up here?"

"The papa, he tell her to catch you good before we boys go for food in the spring. Or he will let you go away with us." Jack showed no reticence whatever. He spoke of his sister's desire for Marnier as of a most natural thing, man to man. "She care for you when you sick. That's why she love you like baby. She's mad for you, and want no other man, she tell the papa."

Marnier shrugged.

But when he saw Marie again, he looked at her with close attention. She was a superb girl, tall, strong and lithe. When she smiled, the glitter of her teeth was startling in contrast with the tobacco-stained grins of the others. She was intelligent, delicate in thoughts, appeared to know by instinct a thousand things no one could have taught her. Perhaps without being aware of it, she had preserved many habits acquired during Marnier's sickness. She picked the best portions out of the pot for him, cut his meat, his bread, brought him coffee or tea between meals.

Often she would touch his shoulder with her hand as she passed behind his chair. On one occasion, he caught her wrist and held her. Her face flushed, her lips parted, then she drew away roughly. The aviator laughed, not only at her but at his own interest. Of course he was young, lonely, and there was something contagious in her feeling; he almost loved her himself! But he could not take her away; Marie out of the forest was unthinkable.

THE first snow fell. Marnier realized that the world had given him up for dead. What a surprise when he showed up, how the newspapers would display his name! There would be receptions, parades, new glory. And when he thought of this, it seemed strange to stare about him at these uncouth people, and to know how dreamlike this entire experience would become in retrospect.

The long winter lengthened. But Marnier did not find life monotonous. He was never bored, and this was the first time since he had been a very young man that each day did not bring weary, grim hours of disgust or puzzlement.

It was Marnier who spoke of marriage, in a joking fashion. He was not cruel, but curious, to see what Marie would do, to hear what she would say. To his surprise, she cried a little and shook her head.

"No, you'll go away, I know. You're not for this place."

Marnier was silent, half ashamed. A strong love was growing in him for Marie, an almost paternal love, a powerful sense of responsibility. When he kissed her, the honesty of her kiss stirred him to a passionate longing to shield her. She was so young, so primitive.

THE snow melted, remaining only in dingy patches in the shadier spots of the forest. Spring came; there was a surge of renewal, of rebirth, in the air. Marnier had grown strong and heavy. He was as powerful as Jack, who was much bigger and taller. And it was not a strength of muscles only, but an inner energy that radiated through his organs. He felt *clean* within.

"We start tomorrow," Jack said simply, one night.

Marnier nodded, grew white and avoided Marie's eyes. All that evening they could not talk. Before her mute, immense distress, he grew weak, thought of a charitable lie to make the parting less bitter.

"I'll be back in a month or so," he whispered, "and fix it with the priest to marry us."

"The priest is coming this way to baptize the children this summer. Don't lie. You wish to go."

He was silent. There was nothing more for him to say.

The next morning she prepared his belongings. She walked outside with him, embraced him calmly.

Marnier followed Jack and Louis on the trail. He turned once to wave at Marie. She stood before the shack, motionless. She did not wave. By a queer trick of his imagination, although she was far from him already, her dark eyes seemed to blaze into his, her lips to press against his mouth.

He turned away with an effort.

In three weeks he would be in a city; within a month, in New York. The world would hail him as one risen from the dead. He would be more famous than before.

Gnawing doubt ate at his mind. For how long? What had he to hope for? He would be watched, his every act discussed. Marnier has been idle for a long time, they would say. Whether Gloria or another, his wife would be wedded to a famous man. His people? They considered him dead, his reappearance would torture them again, for he must go on proving himself to the end, once returned to his own surroundings. Captain Marnier, Knight of the Legion of Honor, representing such and such a firm, the man who flew the Atlantic from east to west . . . there would be no escape. He had not changed, neither had the world. Why not remain dead and content?

He touched Jack on the shoulder.

"I'll wait for the priest to come in the summer to get married," he said. "No need of my going with you."

JACK turned, rested his hands on his hips, grinned. "All right. Anything you like I bring back?"

Marnier hesitated. Newspapers, magazines, to discover what the world had said of him? He shook his head.

"Nothing."

He turned and walked back rapidly. He would surprise Marie, throw his arms around her. She alone mattered. She loved in him the man, not the hero. Her joy would be immense, their happiness the more intense because unexpected. He almost ran.

Then he turned a bend in the trail, came face to face with her. She was dry-eyed, quiet, smiling. She took his hands and drew close.

"You see, I knew! And I came to meet you."

"We find the defendant not guilty!"
"Who, me?"

Gilbert Bundy

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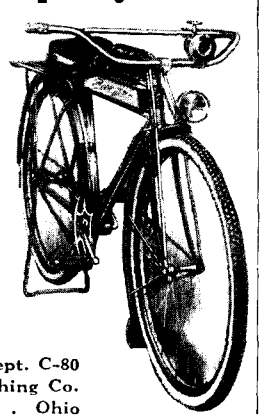


Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-80
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield . . . . Ohio

Don't Marry Money

Continued from page 8

listen: Don't look tough at me unless you want to act tough. And keep away from me from now on. You've criticized my parties two or three times this summer. You act like you were the house dick or something around this club and I've been meaning to go into that. The next time you stick your nose in I'll bat it off."

Bill Pearce lounged down their aisle and sat down on the bench near Mal. "I thought I'd like a ringside seat at the festivities," Bill said.

"There aren't going to be any, I guess," King told him. "I've been trying hard, though." He turned the key in his locker and walked away. "Remember what I said," King called back.

"There's a highly scented animal," Bill said to Mal. "I don't see how you kept from smacking him."

"I guess I'm growing up," Mal said.

"A darned shame," Bill agreed. "Let's have a drink. You need one."

NOTHING that they put in bottles would do any good, though, Mal knew. Nothing would do any good except to push time back a year. He'd said to Bill, "I guess I'm growing up." Well, that was true. A year ago he hadn't been grown up at all. A year ago there'd been a simple set of rules to go by and you went by them and everything was swell. And now look: take this business of King. A year ago you decently avoided any fellow that you didn't like; but when it came down to it as it had with King, and when you had to listen to the sort of things that King had said, you smacked him. You just smacked him—it was as simple as all that.

Take love, for instance. That would show you how you'd changed. A year ago you thought that when you met the right girl you just fell in love and stuck around and did your darnedest. Finally, if she was the right girl, chances were you'd probably convince her of it and you'd marry. Just as simple as all that. You wouldn't have believed, a year ago, that there were any complications that could matter, any obstacles you couldn't hurdle, anything you had to lie awake at night and make decisions on. And now look. He had sat there on the beach and heard Pauline say, "Mal, you might have changed my mind." He'd heard Pauline—his girl—say that and he had sat there and deliberately helped her to despise him. Well, you grew up sometime.

"You're certainly a riotous companion, Mal," Bill said. "Snap out of it."

This same advice, in slightly different terms, was being given at the moment to Pauline. In the sitting-room of their suite at the club Mr. Canby was suggesting to his daughter: "Cheer up, baby. What's the matter? Didn't break a hundred?"

"I guess that's it," Pauline said. Then: "Father, can't we go on up to Maine now? For a month?"

"What's all this?" her father asked. "I thought you'd had a fine time here."

"I guess I'm tired of it. Can't we, Father?"

"I'm afraid I still can't get away," said Mr. Canby. "What's wrong, baby?"

Pauline walked over to the window and without turning said: "I guess I practically proposed to a man, Dad. Did you ever think your dandy daughter would do that? And get t-turned down?"

"I guess it wasn't quite like that," said Mr. Canby.

"Nearly, Father. I'd been thinking for a long time that he'd meant to and I thought I'd better tell him that I wouldn't, first, before he did."

Mr. Canby made a gallant masculine attempt to understand. "But, honey, if you wouldn't—" he began.

"But don't you see?" his daughter said. "I would."

She wouldn't—it became at length quite clear to Mr. Canby—but she would. She loved him but she couldn't love him. No girl could. She knew that he loved her and was convinced he wasn't capable of loving anyone or anything. Just parties, parties, parties. She would never marry, never. That was settled, anyway. She'd never marry and she was extremely glad about it, so she thought she'd cry again because the whole thing was a matter of complete indifference to her.

"D-d-don't th-think I care!" Pauline said.

Mr. Canby lighted a cigar and waited. Presently he said: "Is it that you think you are in love with young Mal Vincent and that—"

"Hate him," Pauline said. "I hate him."

"Of course," her father answered. "That's quite clear. Quite. You hate him. But you wouldn't if he'd go to work and—"

"Try to be a real man. Try to be like you," Pauline said.

Mr. Canby puffed reflectively before he said: "You know I like young Vincent. And, about this going into business, making a career of making money when it isn't necessary—"

"Father!" Pauline said. "Is that you saying things like that? You'd like to have your son-in-law a party-boy whose one ambition seems to be to keep on being chairman of the entertainment committee of a country club?"

"Young Vincent's young," said Mr. Canby. "If he's the sort of boy that you can care about he'll likely be the sort to find himself."

"He isn't looking for himself," Pauline said. "Dad, I never heard you talk this way. You mean you'd like to see me marry him?"

"If you loved each other," Mr. Canby said. "You see I—"

"But he doesn't!" Pauline said. "He doesn't, Dad. He doesn't want to marry me. He sat there when I told him that I wouldn't, s-s-simply s-s-sat there p-p-practically agreeing with me. And I th-th-thought—"

"I'm sorry," Mr. Canby said. "I'd rather hoped that you and young Mal Vincent—"

"Hoped!"

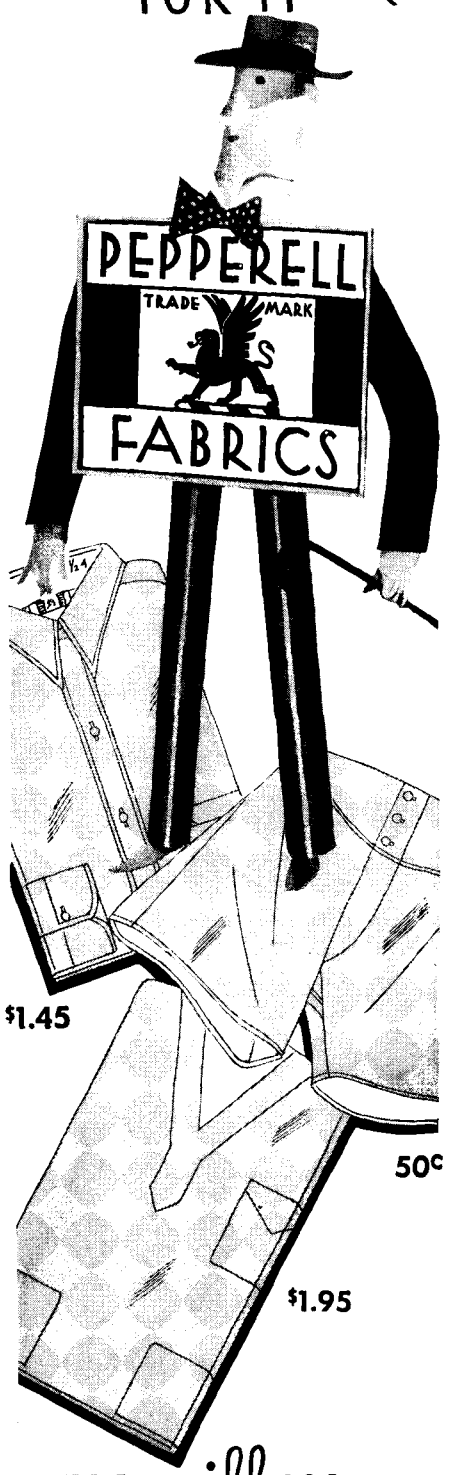
"YOU see, dear," Mr. Canby said, "I've wanted you to have just what you've wanted. Things, I mean. I thought things were important and I've spent my life in chasing dollars so we'd have them. But just now I'm slightly disillusioned, dear. You see—I hoped I wouldn't have to tell you this—the dollars are all gone."

Pauline said: "Dad! But, Dad!"

This girl of his was pretty fine, thought Mr. Canby, being hugged. Her first—or second—thought might well have been about herself and what this meant to her. Yes, it was pretty fine just to be hugged—he'd needed this—and hear her say: "But you've been worried and you've never told me, and we don't need any money, anyway; I hate it, and I'll never let you work and worry any more and, Dad, I've nearly eighteen hundred dollars and we'll—"

(Continued on page 46*)*

Take his word FOR IT



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LUDEN'S 5c

(Continued from page 45)

"Not that bad," said Mr. Canby. "Nearly, though. The boys did quite a lot of cheering when they wrung your old dad out and hung him up to dry."

Pauline thought, looking in the mirror, doing up her face for dinner: "You look just like always; just exactly like you did when being Pauline Canby meant that all your life you'd only have to ask for anything."

Things like this could happen, you knew that, but just to other people. There was Dibby Pell, but Dibby Pell was "other people." You'd seen her working in that hat shop just a month ago. You had been, when it happened, oh, so sorry, oh, so sympathetic about Dibby Pell. And then—you'd practically forgotten that there was a Dibby Pell until you'd seen her, last month. It was nearly two years, now, since Mr. Pell had lost his fortune and had—

Pauline rose, very suddenly, and went into the living-room. Her father wasn't there. His door was closed. Her hands were trembling when she turned the knob.

"Dad!" Pauline said.

"You're just in time to struggle with this tie," her father told her. And then: "Look here, kid, things are not that bad."

PAULINE thought, looking in the mirror, finishing her face: "You'd love to get dramatic, wouldn't you? Well, just remember that you're not the type. No histrionics, Poke. Especially we'll have no nonsense over Mal. He doesn't love you—doesn't love you—doesn't love you. Hear me? Nothing could be clearer than the way he made that clear. Oh, yes, I know you thought he did. You thought that you were pretty darn' unique and dandy and he couldn't help but love you, and you listened to things he's told to herds—yes, herds—of girls and you believed them. And you thought that all you had to do, today, was tell him that you wouldn't marry him and he would clutch at you and cry out and he'd throw himself around and swear he'd climb the highest mountain. Well! You heard him say he'd take 'no' for an answer and even after that, and even then, you kept on. But it's over now, Poke. Hear me?"

And Pauline thought: "Being Pauline Canby doesn't seem to mean so much today. Except it means you'll be a sport, dog-gone you."

Pauline and her father dined alone upon the terrace. There hadn't been so many people at the club these last few nights but those who came still dined outside, as if reluctant to admit the end of summer. It was definitely chilly, and the orchestra—beyond the amber-lighted dance space just below the terrace—looked uncomfortable in white suits. It played a languorous, familiar melody of summer which had spoken promises a month ago, and that now only conjured reminiscences. And then, as if the leader realized that this was all a futile gesture, it broke into something new; a brisk, aggressive tempo that said, plain as words: "Off with the old. On with the new. The summer's over and the fall is here with winds to blow away outmoded memories and cause new eyes to shine for you."

And Pauline thought: "You'll be a sport, dog-gone you."

Denny King came out. He had a dinner party of a dozen and they trouped past to their table at the far end of the terrace. Most of them Pauline knew and they said "Hi," in voices pitched a little sharp by cocktails. Truck Haines said "Hello, Ornamental," as he always did, and Denny King stopped. "Wish you'd change your mind and join us, Poke," he said. "I thought I'd break out bubbles so we'd all get full of repartee."

Pauline said, "After dinner, maybe."

Mr. Canby urged, when King was gone: "Why don't you, honey? I think I'll turn in right after dinner."

"I just said that, Father," Pauline said. "I want to be with you. I wish I'd been a boy. I'll bet you wish I'd been a boy."

"I'll bet you're silly," Mr. Canby said. "I'll bet I'd rather have you than a ton of boys. I'll bet I'll spank you if you don't stop rolling up your eyes and looking silly."

"Silly!" Pauline said.

Pauline would probably have gone up to her room if Mal had not appeared. But he came in with Mr. Hale, the treasurer of the club, and said, "Hi, Poke," and took a table near them. So she had to laugh a good deal at not very much to laugh at and be very unconcerned and fancy-free and animated till she said, in quite a piercing voice: "I think I'll have my coffee with the gang, Dad. Denny has been making very threatening gestures at me."

Truck Haines got up and squeezed a chair in for her. Denny King got up and said, "Hi, Poke, you ought to hear this," and then someone said, "But, Denny, honestly?" and pulled him down to hear the rest of it. Everybody else said "Hi!" and kept on being noisy, except Randy Howe, who rose and bowed with great solemnity and then sat down and knocked a bowl of ice cubes into his lap.

"You didn't need to get up, Randy," Pauline said.

"Compelled to. Rising young attorney," Randy said, and Martha Prentiss leaned against him, cackling.

"Parties," Pauline thought. The girl who spent the evening leaning on the men and cackling and the girl who never brought her make-up and the wide-eyed, breathless one. The girl who simply had to tell you something, "Dear, you'll *die*"; the girl who spent the evening clutching at her shoulder-straps too late; the girl who always disappeared with someone so the girl who always got mad could get mad. And party-men: the one who always knocked things over on you and the one who yelled at waiters and the one who wanted to go somewhere else and "wake the Browns up." Party-men: the confidential older one who always cornered you; the one you couldn't dance with any more; the maudlin one.

Pauline thought: "Sick of parties; sick of them."

And then Truck nudged her and said, "Listen to the dandy Denny sounding off again."

"I'm telling you I did," she heard King say. "He's yellow, that's all. Told him I'd push his face in and he never peeped."

"You're sure this wasn't two other fellows, Denny?" someone asked.

"I'm telling you," said Denny. "Simply telling you. I told him if he shoved his nose in again I'd bat it off."

"Boo!" said Randy Howe, across the table. "Boo!"

"Laugh," Denny said. "He's yellow just the same."

"It's Mal," Truck whispered. "He and Mal had some sort of row this afternoon."

Mal? Mal yellow? Mal?

"BUT how did he crawl out of it?" somebody asked.

"On all fours," King said. "Said he didn't want a row around the club; this dandy used-to-be-exclusive club." King's voice rose. "Nuts!" he said, and tossed a bottle up against the balustrade.

Some girl said, "Don't!" and some boy, "Look, King, cut it out." And Martha Prentiss cackled.

Pauline thought: "Mal! Oh, Mal!"

King got up. "Think I'll make a speech," he said, "about our little yellow friend. You see, he isn't only yellow; he's a four-flusher, too. Because, you see, the swell, aristocratic Mister Malcolm Vincent the Third, or what the heck, just works here. Sure, they call him chairman of the entertainment committee but when they pay him for it it spells gigolo to me. A kind of he-hostess. And he hasn't got a dime. His father didn't leave a dime. He came to Father looking for a job last spring, I just found out, and he's just a sweet he-hostess four-flushing around to try to marry money."

There was instant babel. Pauline saw King toss another bottle up against the balustrade. The crash it made was just an indistinguishable part of all the noise that beat against her ears and made her sick and dizzy.

"Mal," she thought. "Oh, Mal! So that's it. That's why you took 'no' for an answer. So the fortune that you tried to marry disappeared. Poor Mal. It must have been a blow for you to hear it. But you'll get another, Mal. Mal! Mal!"

PAULINE heard someone say: "I'm sorry. People living in the club think there's been too much noise." And it was Mal.

Then, somehow, Pauline found that she was on her feet and saying, in a high, queer voice: "You mustn't interrupt us, Mr. Vincent, we've been having speeches. Listen, everybody! I must make one, too—the funniest of all." She laughed and there was something in her laugh that stilled them for a moment. "Listen! Here's the most amusing thing of all! The Canbys haven't any money either! Yes, the Canbys have gone busted, too. Oh, don't you see? It's priceless! For the money Mr. Vincent meant to marry isn't any more. It—"

Suddenly Pauline was conscious of herself and conscious of the ring of eager, curious, malicious faces bending towards her. And her knees gave way—

She heard a laugh; another bottle crash; she heard Mal say, "I've just now got permission from the boss to sock you, King," and heard King say, "I'll be right there!" A chair was overturned and someone yelled and someone crashed down the table.

She ran across the dance floor and it seemed to take a long time. Finally she reached the first one of the big old trees that marched across the lawn down to the Sound, and turned, and heard somebody yell, "Poke! Poke!" She saw a figure vault the balustrade. She ran again and there were footsteps pounding after her and finally she gave up, panting, on the grass and someone came up, panting, near her.

Finally Mal said: "Did you mean it, Poke? About the money? Did you mean it?"

Pauline tried to speak but all she managed was a faint, pathetic-sounding little squeak.

"Good lord, it's wonderful!" Mal said. "I've got a bloody nose. It's just like something in a play or something. Poke, you nearly had me licked this afternoon. I nearly told you I was only poor and proud. I nearly asked you if you'd wait for thirty-seven years. Till I could manage to support you in the style you had to be accustomed to. I knew that it would never work, though, Poke. I knew that. Listen, Poke, you're sure you haven't got a dog-gone' dime?"

"I've nearly eighteen hundred dollars," Pauline said.

"An heiress!" Mal said. "We can have a radio and everything. Come here!"

Mal came three quarters of the way, though, for he started sooner. And he had the last word, too, a long time later, for Pauline said: "This is how I wanted it to be the end of summer, Mal." And Mal said: "It's the starting, honey."

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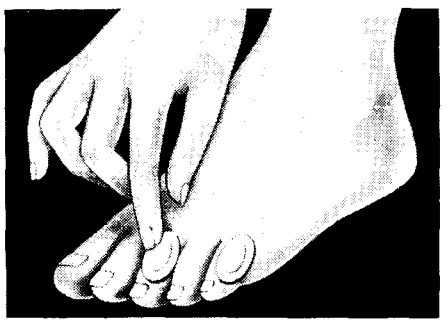

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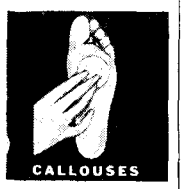

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 19

light gleamed in a second-story window.

"What you want?" demanded an angry voice.

"Johnny Goodhue," said the owner of that name. "Got a party with me. Got to make Wamsemuck in the morning. We want two canoes."

"You're crazy. You can't make the Fork at night," came the reply.

"You're telling *me?*" retorted Johnny.

"Then you'll buy the canoes," said the other. "I won't rent canoes to crazy people."

"That will be all right," cried Treherne. "But we're in a hurry. Come on down and open up."

NEGOTIATIONS with the proprietor of the general store and canoe livery took ten minutes. Fifteen more were used up in consuming a cold meal. And it was almost midnight when the party descended the stream bank to the float on which lay the newly purchased canoes. Johnny and Treherne had talked the matter over.

"Johnny's going to lead the way with you and Miss Dale, Meridew," said Treherne. "You can paddle?"

"Not well," said Meridew.

"Well, you'll take the bow and there won't be much for you to do. I guess Johnny's pretty expert. We three will follow. Johnny says it will take us, with the best of luck, five hours to reach the west end of the lake. He knows a guide that lives there, and we can find out where the Bailey camp is then. But the lake is only twelve miles long, so we won't be far from the camp at worst. Ready?"

Myrna Dale stepped close to Meridew.

"I'm frightened," she whispered.

"Don't you give way now," he pleaded.

"I won't," she promised. "Only—the night—and the water—and the lonesomeness."

"You've been the bravest woman in the world," he told her. "Try to hang on until morning—"

"Oh, I'll hang on," she promised. "But—it makes it a little easier to—to tell how scared I am."

With that, accepting Johnny's aid, she stepped into the canoe.

Sitting in the bow, feeling that he was not useful and less ornamental, straining his eyes to discern snags or jutting boulders in the swiftly rushing stream, Meridew could have enjoyed himself but for the ever-present worry about Brockridge. Suppose that all their joint reasoning had been correct—it wasn't joint, he told himself; it was Myrna's logic, her unwillingness to abandon a tossed-aside clue—what then?

The President's captors must know what awaited them if they were caught. The least they could expect was a long term of imprisonment. The rescuers—if Meridew and his companions earned such a happy title—might even kill them out of hand. Certainly the kidnappers could hope for no gentle treatment. Would they, then, destroy the precious life of the prisoner before yielding?

The modern gangster differs from the criminal of other days in his extraordinary disregard for human life. He may whine and break down when face to face with legal execution, but he apparently does not blench at the thought of sudden violent death. Careless of his victims' lives, he is almost equally reckless with his own. True, he always demands an advantage; a shot in the back or a bomb tossed from safety is his favorite method of warfare. He is, perhaps, a coward, but because he knows he can expect no mercy, he is a dangerous coward.

THE particular group headed by Bramer was shooting for the largest prize imaginable. It would relinquish hope of achieving that prize only when convinced that further hope was absurd. And then—what? Would the desperadoes who had executed this stupendous plot tamely surrender, or would they vent their rage upon their victim?

But it was not for him to ponder this. Treherne had made the decision, and all he could do was, when the time came, to obey orders. He wondered, without tremors, what it would feel like to shoot a man. Well, if the man happened to be the swarthy gentleman who had impersonated Gerryman, shooting him would be a pleasure.

Then, as he settled to the rhythmic stroke of the paddling, his mind dismissed thoughts of the near future. He

(Continued on page 48)

"Dear Mabel: Well, well, here I am in Singapore at last!"

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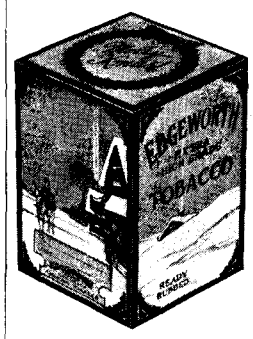

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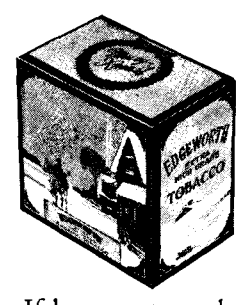

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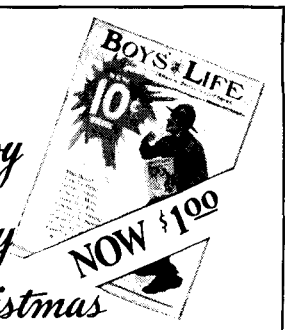

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(Continued from page 47)

hoped that Myrna's fear had been but a passing thing. Certainly, she sat quietly enough in the canoe. She would not let fear, however violent, lead her into hysteria. Of that Meridew felt certain.

And then, as unaccustomed muscles began to ache beneath the strain, he even forgot her. The deep woods, redolent of pine, the cry of an owl, the rustling in the underbrush of animals disturbed by the almost silent passage of the canoes, and the occasional gleam of a leaping fish—these things captured his thoughts.

"Needn't work too hard," he heard Johnny's voice. "Plenty current and I can keep her moving."

"Much obliged," he called softly back. "I'm tired already."

The guide chuckled.

"You're pretty husky, though. It wouldn't take long for you to get used to it."

PERHAPS Myrna was asleep. She made no sound, no effort to join in this conversation, and so it ended. He wondered how Johnny could find his way. Meridew would have been lost even in daylight. For the Ablestook Fork was no straight and narrow path. It entered lakes and even in the dark Meridew noticed that they passed outlets. But Johnny's calm certainty never wavered. He went around islets in the lakes, or between them, with the same confidence that Meridew would have made his way about New York in the daytime.

And then, when it seemed that they had been paddling for years, when Meridew's arms and shoulders were numb—he had been too proud to let the guide do all the work despite Johnny's willingness—light began to appear in the east, and ten minutes after that first glow the canoes slid out upon the broadest expanse they had yet traversed.

Johnny, with a flick of his paddle, slowed the fragile craft. The other canoe swept up beside them. Treherne sat in the middle. He grinned at Myrna.

"You and I had it soft," he said. "Brouillard and Isham are used to canoeing. It's their idea of a swell time. How you feel, Meridew?"

"Fair," smiled Meridew. He massaged his shoulders.

"Too proud, you are," scoffed Treherne. "I heard Johnny tell you he could do the work. Well, Johnny, what next?"

"Wamsemuck," said the guide. "This is it. My friend lives five minutes from here. Shall we go?"

Treherne nodded, and over the dancing waters of the lake the canoes sped. Around a point, in a little cove, was a float, and beyond that, perched above a sandy beach, was a cabin. Johnny drove the nose of his canoe high on the white shore.

The cabin door opened before he could call, and a lanky individual, clothed in overalls, heavy shirt and heavy boots, stood in the aperture, looking curiously down at them.

"'Lo, Johnny," he said.

From the cabin came the odors of coffee and frying bacon.

"Where's the Bailey camp, Fred?" asked Johnny.

The other man pointed.

"Around the cove to the right. 'Bout half a mile. Big place with a boathouse. Visiting?"

He descended from the little porch, and his pale blue eyes, set amid a network of wrinkles, took in the two canoes and their occupants.

"Well, yes," said Johnny.

"Them's Cockran's canoes. Tell 'em anywhere. Come down from Ablestook? Where's your tackle? You people friends of the gang at Bailey's Camp?" He frowned heavily.

"Well, not exactly," replied Treherne.

"I'd 'a' told Johnny to quit you right now if you was," said the man. "Sent a complaint to the game warden about them people last night. They just got in sometime yesterday, and danged if they didn't shoot a doe. Saw 'em myself. Was out seeing if I could get a bass to strike, and I heard the shot and looked up and saw a man with a gun and there, fifty yards away, a doe was kicking her last. Well, say, I paddled right over and told them what. Said I'd report them, and if I saw or heard anything like that again I'd come gunning for them myself. The meanest-looking men you ever did see. Three of them that I talked to, and there was more in the house. But I'd have tackled twenty of 'em, the mad way I was feeling. What do you want with them?"

"Oh, a little private business," replied Treherne. "Let's be going, Johnny."

"No trouble to put a little more bacon in the pan," said Fred. "And there's lashin's of coffee."

Treherne hesitated. He glanced at his wrist watch, which said five-ten. A quarter of an hour would make no difference. Brockridge's captors—if such the tenants of Bailey's Camp proved to be—would not be very early risers. So they accepted Fred's hospitality and the coffee and bacon put new life into them.

Through the brief meal their host studied them. He made sudden pronouncement of the result of his observations.

"You people ain't campers, nor visitors neither," he said. "You got no tackle, no clothes, nothing. And nobody from New York—and that's where you people come from—or Boston or Philadelphia or some place like those—would come by way of Ablestook. Houlton's the way you'd travel. And you wouldn't come by night—you ain't visiting those people. It's only five minutes, and you could get breakfast there if you were visitors. What *is* the idea?"

Treherne laughed.

"You ought to be a detective," he said.

"Is that what you are?" asked Fred shrewdly.

Treherne eyed him. One more man would help, especially one who doubtless knew the topography of Bailey's camp.

"Something along that line," he admitted.

"Need any help?" asked Fred eagerly. "I'm itching to do some damage to them people. Killed a *doe*, out of season."

"It might not be fun," warned Treherne. He turned to Johnny. "You might as well know what's ahead of you, too. If the people in that camp are the ones we want—well, they're killers. And they've got someone with them that they'll kill if they think we're going to rescue him."

"Kidnappers?" breathed Fred.

Treherne nodded.

"The most dangerous kind. There'll be shooting, almost surely. But we've got to sneak up on them, get the jump on them, and maybe, if they see they're licked, they'll surrender. If they don't—there'll be killing."

THE lanky Fred stared at Treherne. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"United States Secret Service. Chief. My two Maine operatives, Brouillard and Isham. The lady and this other man—well, the lady can identify the kidnappers. So can this man, Meridew, some of them perhaps. Here's my badge. Want to join us?"

Fred stared at the badge. He stared at Johnny. He looked at all the others.

"The way to get at them is like this," he said: "If you go by water they'll see you. But we can sneak through the woods and come down upon the back of the house. There's a brook between here and their camp, with a bridge over it. When we reach that bridge we rush the place. Only fifty yards—mebbe seventy-five—from the camp. All cleared land, though. Now, the house is arranged like this: a kitchen at the far end from here, then a dining-room, then a great big living-room. Upstairs, five bedrooms. A porch along the front of the dining-room. The whole business so close to the lake you could almost fall out of an upper window into the water.

"Now if we dash across that cleared space, we'll strike the living-room. That's got big windows, like doors, all around it. If they're locked, we can smash them in in no time. Chances are they ain't locked. No thieves in this country. Then we're in the house, dashing up to the bedrooms—sound all right?"

"It sounds perfect. Got a revolver?" asked Treherne.

The guide nodded. He rose from the breakfast table and took a weapon from a hook on the wall.

"Let's go," he said. "Not taking her," he protested as Myrna followed with the others.

"Have to," said Treherne. "If she can't recognize any of them—well, even the chief of the secret service can't shoot indiscriminately, you know. If Miss Dale identifies someone—"

"Don't seem right for a lady to take part in a thing like this, but if she *has* to—"

FRED led the way to the beach, followed it for twenty yards, then turned abruptly inward along a trail so narrow that they proceeded in Indian file. Meridew, conscious of his own clumsy progress, marveled at the smooth silence with which Fred and Johnny advanced. Had they been alone not merely would they have been unheard, but their heavy boots would have left hardly any tracks on the soft earth, so instinctively did they seek the harder ground, each bit of rock.

Then, in quick warning, Fred, who led the way, held up his hand, as he stopped short.

"Up earlier than I thought," he whispered. "One of them's standing on the bridge. Casting in the brook below. Must know fish," he admitted grudgingly. "There's a likely pool there."

"Let the girl forward," said Treherne, softly. "See if she knows him."

As quietly as she might, Myrna edged forward until, from behind the trunk of a tree, she could peer at the man upon the rustic bridge. Her face whitened. She turned back to Treherne.

"It—it's one of them," she said. "One of the men that captured—"

Treherne waited for no more. He pushed her firmly, though gently, aside, and advanced to the sheltering tree. And as he did so, his shoe caught in a root of a great pine. He seized at the trunk of the tree and missed it. He staggered, with an exclamation of rage, out into the open, in full view of the man on the bridge.

That man looked up. His surly countenance twisted in a frown.

"Hey, what do you want?" he demanded. "This is private property. Get off."

"I didn't know that," said Treherne. He tried to make his voice placating, but it shook in excitement.

"Well, you know it now," said the other. "Beat it. Scram."

Treherne advanced leisurely.

"I'm not hurting your land," he said. "Caught anything?"

"I'll catch you," said the man on the bridge. "You stop right where you are—"

Treherne stopped.

"Well, you're in a sweat for so early in the morning," he said. "What's the

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matter?" He edged a yard nearer as he spoke.

In the hand of the man on the bridge appeared a revolver.

"Say, we don't want visitors. You scram now, or—"

Uncontrollably, her nerves at highest tension, Myrna screamed. She had seen Bramer kill without provocation. She thought she was to see another killing now. And the man's gun leveled on Treherne.

"Hey, where's the dame hiding? What's this all about? Tell her to step out where I can see her. Hustle up, or I'll rub you out."

Whether or not he had dimly recognized Myrna's voice was never to be known. It was obvious that his nerves were unstrung, and that if Myrna did not step forth he would shoot. It was also equally obvious that if she did step out he would shoot. So, from behind the tree, Brouillard very neatly shot him through the forehead.

MARK BROCKRIDGE, sleeping very calmly in the room on the second floor of the Bailey camp, sat up in bed. If that wasn't a shot he heard, he was much mistaken. And now he heard cries from the rooms next to him. As he leaped from bed he heard shots being fired from downstairs. Through the window he saw rushing figures, and one of them he recognized. Young Meridew!

By George, it was quick and clever work. How on earth had they done it? Meridew had a revolver in his hand. He was firing. There was another man he recognized—Treherne. He was racing across the cleared space, gun in hand. Beside him was a tall man, who suddenly collapsed.

Brockridge turned away from the window. This was his fight and he wasn't going to remain a spectator. That man who had fallen—he had fallen trying to serve the President. Others might be killed, while he stayed in his room, powerless, futile.

He tried the door; it had been locked last night and, of course, it remained locked. He drew back and hurled his bulk against its sturdy panels. It didn't even quiver, and he gave up in disgust. And then he remembered something. His captors had said that if rescue came, they would kill him. The hardest, most vicious men he had ever met, men who would probably keep their word.

He had no weapon. All they had to do was unlock the door and shoot him down like a cornered animal, which was exactly what they would do if he remained here.

He opened the window and looked out. Below him, six feet out from the building, lay the waters of the lake. He was, or would be if he stood upon the sill, twenty feet above the water. Could he make it? But if he didn't try, almost certain death awaited him in this room. He knew the temper of his captors. If their great plot was nipped in the bud. . . .

He smashed the glass of the upper window, wrenched away its woodwork. Then, with a prayer that the water might be deep enough if he reached it, his powerful body shot out and down.

(To be concluded next week)

The Razor Man

Continued from page 10

in with his razor and strike before Bobo could swing the club, the fight would be over, for Blue Steel knew exactly where and how to hit with his razor.

Bobo's club rose and fell in dull, slow monotony. Blue Steel stepped from plank to plank on the wharf, measuring his distance, timing his movements and weighing his chances. The other Negroes watched in glum silence, no man offering a word of advice or encouragement. There would be a fight—a killing, perhaps; but you couldn't call it a fight as long as one man toyed with a stick and another walked with nervous, jerky steps, watching the stick.

Blue Steel finally completed his plan of attack. He would have to hit Bobo on the jugular vein the first lick or Bobo would, even after he had been fatally slashed, crush him to death. That meant the first swing would have to be made with the razor in his left hand, preferably a backhanded swing. He then could come in whirling and confuse Bobo, who unquestionably would swing the club when Blue Steel made a move. Then, too, Blue Steel decided it would be advantageous to make his first move when Bobo's club was started downward. This would give him an additional split second of time to "get in" while Bobo stopped the steady beat of the club against the floor and started a murderous blow at Blue Steel's head.

This gain in time, Blue Steel felt, could be best accomplished by taking one quick step to the side, drawing his razor from his shirt bosom with his left hand, whirling the next step and swinging backward with his razor at Bobo's neck. Blue Steel did not try to fool himself into believing it was certain, but he did believe, as an experienced razor thrower, that his chances were good. The whole plan of battle would require but a second to execute; if it failed, he would have his head knocked from his shoulders with one vicious blow of Bobo's club.

Blue Steel made a quick side step and thrust his hand into his shirt front.

He stopped in his tracks as suddenly as he had started.

The razor was not there.

He remembered too late that he had put the weapon into his hip-pocket on the way to the wharf, for he had planned simply to draw the razor with his right hand and walk into Bobo with it. He had not anticipated a club in Bobo's hand.

FOR a minute he did not know what to do. He looked quickly toward Bobo and saw the club moving harmlessly up and down between Bobo's feet.

Suddenly Blue Steel laughed. It struck him as being very funny that so elaborate a plan of killing should fail so completely.

Blue Steel's unexpected laughter released the tension and the workers eased down with amused chuckles.

"Myrtle," declared Blue Steel, "ain't hardly worth fightin' about."

"Naw," agreed Bobo. "Not for me to fight about. Hit takes a mighty good woman for me to fight about."

"Me to," said Blue Steel.

"And me!" Splints put in. "Argy 'bout 'em and spend money about 'em but not fight about 'em."

At that moment the Ouachita steamed around the bend and pointed her nose toward the landing. A chorus of "Hyar she comes!" greeted the steamboat, and Bobo got to his feet.

"Well," he said lazily, "I got to make a few fawty-cents hours now. I promised a lady back er town I'd buy her a present."

"Well, so long den," said Blue Steel. "Totin' freight is too heavy for me."

"So long," said Bobo.

"So long," chorused the freight toters.

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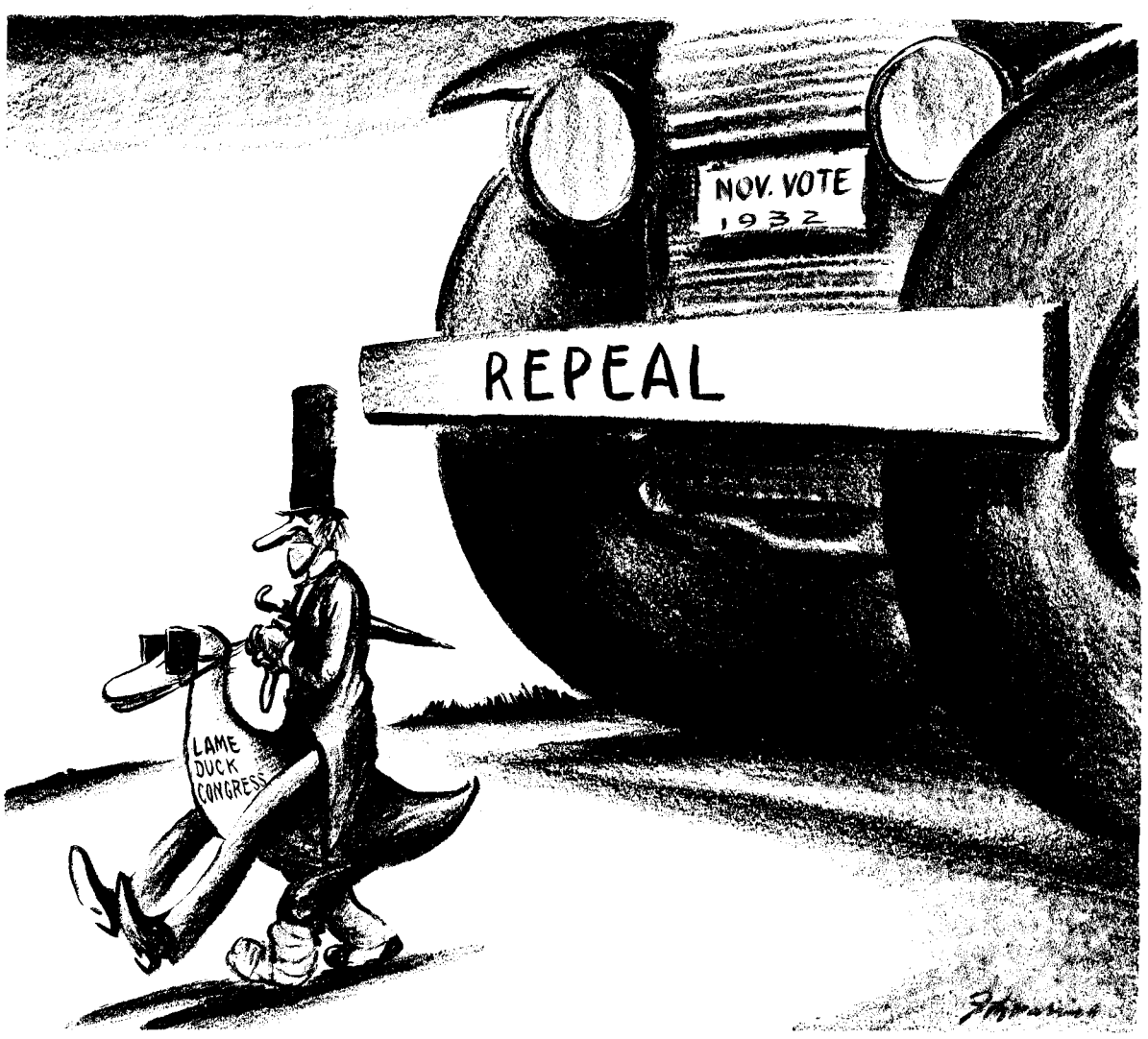
Two Steps toward Recovery



EVEN though bread is more important than beer the "lame duck" Congress now in session must not delay the modification of the prohibition law. A filibuster by irreconcilable drys would be an inexcusable offense against public decency.

There is no uncertainty concerning the wishes of the American people. Nor is there any doubt concerning the action which the Seventy-third Congress will take once it is convened.

Postponement of the inevitable cannot be justified politically, morally or economically. The members of the present Congress have emphatic information as to what this nation wants and intends to have. No good can possibly emerge from a policy of obstruction.

The present session can first of all constitutionally write a new definition of what is in fact an intoxicating beverage. The present definition of liquor containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol as intoxicating was merely a concession to the fanatic temper of the times. The drys rode hard when they were in command.

Just what is in fact intoxicating can be more reasonably established. Unfortified wines and light beers do not as a matter of experience intoxicate. Liberally interpreted, the Eighteenth Amendment gives Congress sufficient discretion to authorize the legal distribution of light wine and beer in those states which desire them.

No difficulty need be feared from the Supreme Court. The learned judges are inclined to give Congress much latitude. So long as the law rests upon the facts, it is not reasonable to expect irreconcilable interference from the high court. The Supreme Court justices know as well as anybody else that 1932 is not 1921.

The liquor law should be immediately modified because the people demand it, because revision can be honorably accomplished and because without revision chaos is inevitable.

Two great benefits may be expected: The first is psychological. Millions of people want the chance to drink beer legally and cheaply. They are entitled to satisfaction. The revision of the prohibition law will in truth have a sobering effect upon public opinion.

The strength of our government rests on the fact that public opinion in the long run does prevail. The modification of the liquor law to permit the sale of beer would be a spectacular surrender to expressed public opinion and would be an immensely conservative influence.

Hardly less important would be the effect upon governmental revenues.

The attempt of Congress last summer to balance the budget failed because the new taxes have yielded less than was expected. The beer traffic can be made to yield a tax which has been reckoned at above a billion dollars annually.

Just what the amount may be precisely it is impossible to forecast, but it will certainly be very large. So competent a tax expert as Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman has recently estimated that a total liquor tax following the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would be not less than a billion and a half. So a billion from beer and light wines may be a conservative figure.

Furthermore, except for a general sales tax, no new source of revenue other than a beer and wine tax is available. Already income taxes are so high that a further raising of the rates would strangle business without producing any important increase in revenue.

Nobody, of course, thinks that the modification of the Volstead Act is anything more than a makeshift. It does, however, sum up the legal possibilities for the moment.

The important thing is to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment. The sooner this is done the better for all concerned.

In the issue of June 8, 1929, Collier's published a proposed revision of the Eighteenth Amendment which would accomplish the purpose of returning control of the liquor traffic to the states. The Wickersham Commission suggested a similar revision. No genius is required to write the necessary words.

It will be enormously valuable, however, to get repeal quickly in motion. If the present session, acting in obedience to November's mandate, passes a repeal resolution this month, it can in January be referred to the state legislatures or conventions called for the purpose.

Every consideration of statesmanship and of public welfare counsels prompt action. It does not matter that many of the members of the holdover Congress were elected as drys. Already their "repeal" successors have been chosen. The country will applaud, not condemn, congressmen and senators who respond to the expressed will of a majority of the voters.

The advantages of immediate submission are very real. During the next few months many legislatures will be in session. The amendment can be considered in these sessions without extra cost to the taxpayers. On the other hand, if repeal is postponed until the meeting of the Seventy-third Congress it will be impossible for the states to act before 1934 at the earliest. Such a delay will be tragic.

After November's vote the Eighteenth Amendment died. Even those who observed the law prior to November feel no compunction in disregarding it now.

Until repeal is legally accomplished, chaos and nullification will obtain. Nobody can conceivably gain from this condition.

Congress, now in session, can cure this. First, liberalize the Volstead Act and then pass the repeal resolution. So two long steps toward recovery will have been taken.

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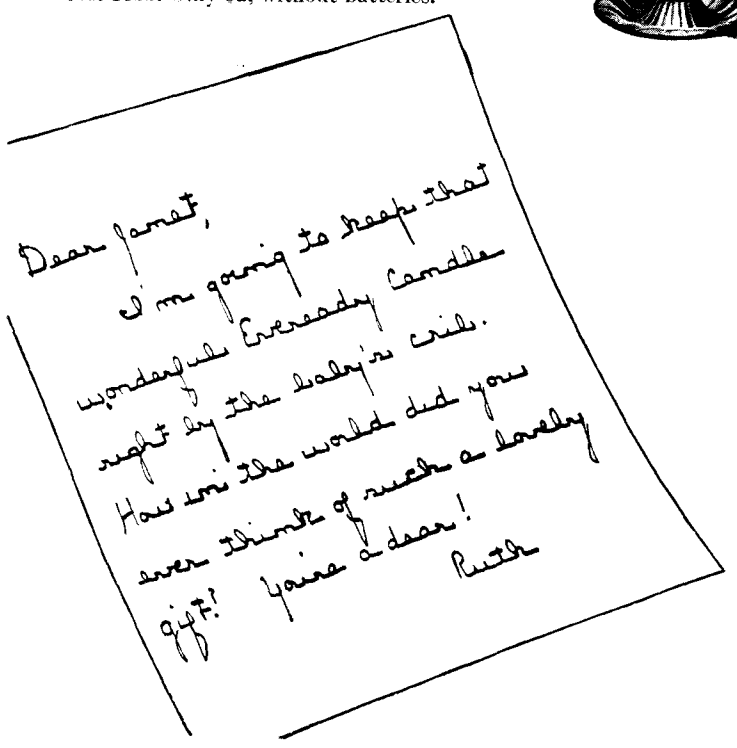
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ever think of such a lovely
gift! You're a dear!
Ruth

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